THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 12.

SLUMBER SONG.

BY E. M.

Sleep, darling, sleep! The night is falling
Like a sweet dream sent down from God;
Birds from the groves are faintly calling,
Flow'rs shedding bright leaves on the sod.
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep! The wind is sighing
Among the sad Æolian leaves;
The last long ling'ring light is dying:
The swallows nestle in the eaves.
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep! Pale moonbeams glisten,
Edging with silver leaf and bough;
The very silence seems to listen
To hear what God is saying now.
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep! The dawn is coming,
With warmth of sun and sound of song,
With glancing wing and insect humming—
But happier thou to slumber on!
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep! The day is hasting;
The world must wake to toil and pain,
To with'ring hopes and sorrow's wasting—
But thou wilt never wake again!
Sleep, darling, sleep!

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

—OR,—

Richard Westwood's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT'S come to the doctor?" grumbled Hephzibah. "He's been in an' out, like a dog in a fair, all day, an' he's that touchy that there's no bearing him. And what's come to everybody, for the matter o' that? My young lady's been crying and looks as bad as bad can be; and Mr. Falkener went out this morning with a face as white as my flour bin, and knocked Tom over on the doorstep. The world's turned topsy turvy, I believe, though, to be sure, nothing's been right in this house since poor Mr. Dick was taken."

Poor Dr. Westwood, with instinctive prescience of danger, hovered about his house like a fieldfare over her nest, lest it should be rifled in his absence. His haggard face looked in upon Armine half a dozen times that day, scaring her from her troubled thoughts, and bringing another element of pain and confusion into them. For the change in Philip was one of the great inexplicable troubles which had come upon her of late. He seemed to drift every day farther and farther away from her; the trusting love and shielding care which had surrounded her and had been her anchorage in the day of her great trial had not perhaps failed her now, but she seemed no longer able to rest in them.

Had she been unconsciously to blame in this unhappy matter of Mr. Falkener, and had Philip seen it, and judged her unfaithful to the memory of the hero they both loved so faithfully? How could she justify herself to him if it were so—how tell him that he had misjudged her, that never in the blessed days of her first happy love had her heart been so truly and entirely her husband's as it was now, when he was in his lonely grave beneath the cruel waves? She could not tell him this; her lips were sealed, and she must bear his misjudging.

She sat opposite to him at their silent dinner, with wistful eyes which pleaded dumbly against the cold sternness—so new and so hard to bear—in his set gray face. She did not know how, believing all he feared of her; his heart was yet pleading for her against his outraged faith and his great, wounded love.

She was so young, her heart had been so prematurely wrecked, and this man, although he did not like him, in fact he had never liked him from that first night of her meeting, Dr. Westwood told himself emphatically, was young too, full of fresh, eager young life and hopes which were fit to match hers, fitter than the gray, battered middle age and sober future which were all he could have offered her. She was surely not to blame that she had chosen as she had.

For Dr. Westwood never doubted but that she had chosen, and that the mute appeal in her eyes, which he could not trust himself to meet, was for his lenient judgment on her. He could not tell her that he was glad that another should have come in to reap what might have been his own; and so he sat on in a silence which seemed to her stern, whilst it was only the anguish of a bitter disappointment.

He was called out to a dangerously sick patient almost before the meal had ended, and she brought him his warm gloves and muffler as she had been used to do, offering them with a timid hesitation which went to his heart.

She sat down after he had left her, and tired of the strain of her own thoughts, she drew a footstool on to the hearthrug, and, resting her head on the doctor's arm chair, gave herself up to the utter weariness of mind and body which overpowered her.

She was nestled there, sleeping soundly like a tired child, when the doctor came in, and the sound of the opening door did not rouse her. The long painful tension of the day and the fatigue of the previous one had thoroughly wearied her. Dr. Westwood stood looking down upon her, with his tender pitiful soul in his sad eyes, and something of accusing self-reproach in his heart. Her hair had fallen loose, and her sweet young face was all framed in the brown coils into which the firelight flashed golden gleams. A tear, yet undried, lay on the soft pure cheek, and the lips quivered even in sleep. Was it the fear of his displeasure which had taken all the radiance out of her new happiness and brought tears where smiles should have been? He was so humbly, so tenderly remorseful as he stood. He recalled all that she had been to him since the day she had first crossed his threshold, how sweetly she had filled a sister's part to him, and he hated himself that he should have failed to enter into her joy. All his great love surged up from his heart to his eyes in a passionate farewell, and betrayed his secret to her as she suddenly awoke with the sort of terror in her startled glance which comes from the sickening consciousness of a real presence in our dreams.

Was it a dream? She opened her eyes again with a dim hope that it might be so. No. Philip was there, with his face turned away now and covered with his hand, as he leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece.

She rose up half stunned by the revelation. Hephzibah's voice at the door came in as a blessed relief in the silence.

"The doctor hasn't had his coffee yet," she said, blundering in with her tray.

Armine poured out the one cup he always allowed himself, and Dr. Westwood came and took it from her hand, and drank it—standing by her side with the mechanical precision of a daily habit. And then they bade each other good night, like two people in a dream, and Armine went up to her room and shut herself in, that she might understand what was come to her.

"I am an unlucky wretch," she said in her despair; "I bring only misfortune on all I love and all who love me. Why should I have come here to set all wrong? I will go away amongst strangers whom I cannot trust, and hide myself. Mr. Falkener may come back to Lina then, and Philip dear, good Philip! will forget me. Oh, Dick, Dick, why Dick, did you die and leave me? Surely there must be some place in the world for me, poor unhappy me!" she thought piteously.

Through the weary, sleepless night she arranged her plan. She was so ignorant of the world and of life outside Combe-Priors that whilst she felt it to be a forlorn thing to seek another home, it did not appear to her either difficult or hazardous. She would leave quietly, in Philip's absence. Explanations were impossible, and the opposition he would be sure to offer would be as useless as it would be painful.

She wrote him a letter full of thanks for all his goodness to her, and of regret that she must leave the home he had given her. She added that he should hear from her when her future home was fixed upon, and she entreated him in the meantime not to seek to find her or to feel any anxiety on her account. She had money for all her needs—she had the remainder of her little pension for the year—she had insisted on providing her mourning wardrobe out of it. Her inexperience made her believe this little store was an ample sum.

Then she wrote a few lines to Lina. Standing on the threshold of the dim lonely future she looked back with wistful tenderness and longing to all she was leaving behind.

"Dearest Lina," she wrote, "I am leaving Combe Priors, and I cannot go without asking you to forgive me any pain I may have innocently caused you, my first and dearest friend. My affectionate farewell to dear Mrs. Heriot.

Your always loving and true
"ARMINE."

Lina read this note, with another brought to her at the same moment. The last was from Harry Falkener, regretting that he left Combe Priors by so early a train that he could not bid his aunt and cousin good bye, but hoping to see them again ere long. With a bitter smile curving her pretty lips Lina thrust the two notes into the fire and watched them burn side by side.

"'What is friendship but a name?'" said she, with a hard cynicism which sat painfully on her young face. "And what is love but a delusion? This is the common end of both—a little dead gray ash!"

Fortune favored Armine's arrangements. The critical state of Dr. Westwood's patient called him out early, before Armine could appear, and kept him in close attendance all day. That day too chanced to be one of the rare occasions on which Hephzibah took a holiday for the purpose of visiting her friends. They lived at a distance and Hephzibah set off by an early train, and a deputy reigned in her stead who showed no surprise and offered no impediment to Armine's movements. Tom, who was enjoying himself hugely in his tyrant's absence, only stared a little when desired to bring a fly to the door, and grinned with delight at the shilling which rewarded his pains.

Armine lingered a little to cut and fold the newspaper ready for the doctor's hand, and to leave her note on the little table by his arm-chair—to look round for the last time, and see that all was in order and ready for him on his return—and then she turned her back on the home which had sheltered her, and set her face towards the wide unknown world outside.

A meek little clergyman's wife traveling up to London to put her boy to school looked with gentle sympathetic glances at the pale young widow who had entered the same railway carriage and sat straining her large eyes for the last glimpse of Combe-Priors; and Armine, attracted by the little lady's kind glances presently entered into conversation with her, and got from her the address of comfortable, respectable lodgings where, with her new friend's recommendation she would be well cared for and received. Step by step the way was opening up for her, she thought, and her courage was still high. Yet when the long journey came to an end, and her new friend bade her farewell leaving her amongst the bustling, jostling throng on the platform, her brave heart quailed a little. She had never been alone before in all her young life—and there is no loneliness like the loneliness of a great crowded city.

Was it always so crowded, or had something happened to stir the gathering masses through which her cab made its slow way? Something had happened. The joy bells were ringing out from every church tower, guns firing, an eager, excited crowd surging in the choked up streets. The great heart of England was stirred as one pulse by the great news which poor Armine heard repeated joyfully on every side—"Sebastopol has fallen!"

She covered her face and sank back on her seat.

"Oh, Dick, oh, my darling!" she sobbed pitifully, as she strove to stop her ears against the joy which had come too late for her.

CHAPTER XII.

LATE in the afternoon Dr. Westwood was released from his close attendance at his patient's bedside, and the house was chill and dim in the winter's twilight when he entered it, weary and overstrained from his long anxious watch.

He went through to the sitting room, looking with a kind of shy dread to find Armine there, and yet repulsed at its emptiness and loneliness. The whole house seemed strangely quiet and empty too to his foreboding fancy, as if something had happened in it.

Armine's note lay on his table, he caught it up and tore it open with a quick prescience of what was coming.

He was standing holding the paper still in his hand, with his back to the door, when Hephzibah stumbled in, her bonnet awry, her best black shawl all crumpled between her trembling fingers, her broad cheeks shaking like red jelly.

"Doctor, doctor," she gasped, seizing him by the arm in her terror, "there's a ghost in the garden!"

The doctor turned upon her a white grave face, which only lashed her agitation into terror.

"I saw it with my own eyes," she whispered hoarsely, clinging closer to the doctor, "close by the garden door. As I'm a living woman, doctor, 'twas the ghost of Mr. Dick!"

"Whose?" shouted the doctor in a voice which, to use Hephzibah's own expression, "knocked her backwards."

"Don't be a fool, Hephzibah," spoke another voice at the door, a voice whose cheery ring was exceedingly unghostlike, "but come here and shake hands with me! There—a ghost hasn't a grip like that, old Hephzibah!"

All the while the speaker's eyes were searching hungrily round the room, into the dim shadows.

"Where is she, Philip?" he demanded eagerly, as he grasped both his brother's hands.

Philip's eyes dropped before the other's eager glance, his head sank upon his breast, he looked like a guilty man before the judge. How was he to account to his brother for the precious treasure with which he had entrusted him—how tell him that he had no account to give of his stewardship?

"Heaven help me!" groaned poor Dick, staggering back from his brother's side. "Don't tell me, Philip, that she is—is—dead!"

"No, no, not dead!" Philip exclaimed hastily. "Thank Heaven, not dead! Dick, put—she has left us, she is gone! I do not know where she is."

Dick's jaw dropped, and his wide-open eyes stared aghast at Philip.

"Gone," he echoed hoarsely, "gone! Tell me the worst, Philip—the worst at once. I can bear it like a man."

Yet his voice broke and his brain reeled before the fate worse than death which Philip's visible anguish seemed to announce to him.

"What is it?" broke in Hephzibah, with her shawl to her eyes and her face working like a woman's in a fit. "Why, they've hunted her away amongst them, dear innocent lamb, with their talk of one man and another—that's what it is! As if they couldn't let her alone, and she as heart-broken a widow as ever wore crape!"

"Widow!" Dick's pale lips broke into a laugh so wild and unnatural that it scared his listeners. "Did—did she—did you all—believe that I was—dead?" He laughed again that wild hysterical laugh which is the relief of a terrible tension. "You—she thought I was dead!"

"And why shouldn't we think you was dead?" propounded Hephzibah in an aggrieved tone. "When the doctor brought back the news himself from the ship at Plymouth, where he saw your name in the book, and the day and all, and even your own cox, with the letter in it, and the last pipe you ever smoked, who was

be off believing you was dead after all that?"

"My coat? Was it my coat that I put round the poor fellow who dropped beside me not long before those scoundrels of Russians nabbed me, which did all the mischief? And the poor wretch died, and they thought it was I? I little imagined when I missed that letter and my poor old pipe—the best I ever colored—that they had made a corpse of me and a widow of my wife! Poor dear little Armine! So she ran away from the rascally tongues that would have married her to somebody else, eh? My poor faithful little girl!"

"Yes," sobbed Hephzibah, "and here's her own gold brooch that she used to wear before she put on black, and a beautiful letter—just like herself—to say good-bye, and to tell me that she'd left it for me for a keepsake. She's gone, Mr. Dick; and who's to find her to tell her she isn't a widow, after all, and may snap her fingers at the whole crew of 'em, with her husband at her side? Who's to find her?"

"I will," said Dick confidently. "When did she go? What do you know of her? Tell me the whole story."

For all answer Philip put Armine's letter into his hand.

"To day—only to-day! I must have passed her on the road as I came down full of the joyful surprise I was bringing her. I would not write or telegraph, idiot that I was! I wanted to see her face as I came in suddenly—and this is the end of it! But I will find her. What clue have you, Philip? What friends has she? Where would she be likely to go?"

"Heaven knows!" groaned Philip.

Dick caught up his hat and turned to the door.

"They would know something at the station," said he.

"Stay!" cried his brother. "I will come with you."

The railway clerk remembered that Mrs. Richard Westwood, whom he knew by sight, had taken a ticket for London that morning; and her husband threw himself into the first train to follow her, leaving Philip, wistful and anxious, behind him, Dick promising to telegraph the first information he gained.

The astounding news that Richard Westwood was alive and well, and had come back to say so, after having been for twelve months a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, soon spread through the little town, and with it the supplementary information—on the authority of the railway clerk—that Mrs. Westwood, impatient to meet and welcome her husband on his release from his Russian prison—had started for London that morning, only to miss him on the road.

And, as Hephzibah was discreet and Dr. Westwood profoundly silent, this version was popularly accepted and sympathized with; but Lina, with the first bitter mistrust born of a great disappointment closed her lips upon the whole matter and waited to hear the end.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HAVE you no references?"

"No, none. I did not know they would be necessary."

Have you no family—no friends?"

"My family lived in Australia. I came from there when—when I married."

The questioner was a tall imposing looking woman of some five-and-forty years, with haughty aristocratic features and a coldly judicial manner. She looked keenly at the young widow who had offered herself in reply to her advertisement, as her companion; and Armine met her penetrating gaze with a calm dignity and a quiet self-possession which impressed the Honorable Mrs. Stapylton, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory nature of her replies.

"Your husband's family—are they not in England?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Stapylton was a lady, and she felt the impossibility of prosecuting her inquiries further on that side.

"Is there no one you can refer to—the people you are now living with, for instance?"

"I have been only two days in London, ma'am."

"You have just arrived from Australia then?"

"No, I left more than eighteen months since."

Why was she so perversely reticent? It was really provoking. Mrs. Stapylton liked the quiet manner and the ladylike refined air—they would be pleasant to live with, she thought, and not obtrusively attractive in her drawing-room, as her last companion had been. Yet of course it would be impossible, however favorable her appearance, to take a person without reference, and without any kind of guarantee as to her respectability or the truth of her statements. Some of Mrs. Stapylton's friends had made horrid mistakes and placed themselves in most disagreeable dilemmas in consequence of similar imprudence.

"It is very awkward," she said irritably, "very awkward indeed! I believe you would suit me, but I could not possibly dispense with proper references, and it is quite unusual to present yourself without them, Mrs.—Mrs.—I forget the name."

"Westwood."

"Mrs. Westwood. Your husband was in the Navy, you say. Unfortunately the time is so short that I must make an engagement to-day or to morrow. If the difficulty can be got over in that time, you can let me know. I think that is all I can say."

Armine bowed and took her leave, and Mrs. Stapylton's friends indorsed her decision. A young woman without reference would be a very risky venture: Mrs. Stapylton was wise in having nothing to do with her.

Armine went forth faint and weary, for she had declined the refreshment which Mrs. Stapylton had had the grace to offer. She was almost crushed by the bitter repulse she had experienced, and by this first glimpse of what the cold hard world had to offer to a desolate woman. She began now to realize the almost insurmountable difficulties in her path, the utter forlornness and loneliness of the life she had undertaken. Return to Combe Priors was impossible and to Australia more impossible still. Her step-mother had married again, and she would have no home with her. Where was she to find a shelter, poor waif and stray that she was? No friendly door would open to her "without references," as Mrs. Stapylton had made her understand. She was an object of suspicion to all. Mrs. Stapylton had not been at the pains to disguise hers. What was to become of her?

A kind old couple, sitting at the station waiting for the train, looked with compassionate eyes at the young widow as she came in, with her dragging step, and they too had a daughter widowed in the war, these old people. The old lady made her way to Armine; the old gentleman, unbidden, brought her a glass of wine from the refreshment-buffet. The cordial sympathy, the much needed stimulant, brought back the courage to Armine's heart, the strength to her limbs; the world was not quite so empty or so hard as it had seemed just now. Her kind old friends took her home to her lodgings in their own carriage, which was waiting for them at the end of the short journey. The old lady put her arm round her at parting and stopped her thanks with a motherly kiss.

"My dear," she said, "will you let me come and see you to-morrow? You are like my own daughter, poor soul! And you are too young to be alone. Heaven bless you!"

"Now tell me all about it," she said next day, settling herself in her warm velvets and soft comfortable furs opposite to Armine.

And Armine's heart opened to the motherly woman, and she told her as much of her story as she could tell to any one—enough to make the good lady, who could trust her own insight into human nature, guess some at least of the rest.

"And now," she said, when she had heard all, "we must think over what is to be done. The worst of it is that my husband and I are going away to-morrow—going to see our daughter who is in Germany for the education of her children, poor dear! That makes it awkward; but we'll find some way. Put on your bonnet now and come home with me, and stay to dinner. We'll talk it all over with my husband."

She had a plan in her mind all the time, and she unfolded her scheme to her husband whilst they were dressing for their late dinner.

"Ahem! My dear," he said, with gentle deprecation, "don't you think it is a little—a little—just a little—hasty and—and rash—eh?"

"Not quite so rash as it looks," she replied. "I had a talk with the landlady at the lodgings. The poor, pretty young thing came to her, she says, recommended by an old customer of hers, a clergyman's wife in the country, and that is a guarantee, I consider. And David, I'm not often wrong, and I'll stake my life on it it's right. And, if it had been our own girl, David——"

"Yes, yes, wife, you are right, you are always right. Take your way; it won't lead you far wrong, I know, my dear."

So, after dinner, whilst "David" was indulging in his usual "forty winks" over the dining-room fire, Mrs. Gillespie made her young visitor luxuriously at home in the cosy drawing-room. She surrounded her with all the substantial comforts of her comfortable home. She heaped on her luxury upon luxury, and all for a purpose. She drew her own chair close to Armine's, and laid her hands caressingly on the young widow's arm.

"My dear," she said softly, "I want a companion—will you stay with me?"

"Oh!" cried Armine, the tears suddenly moistening her eyes, and her heart leaping up at the promise of protection and affection.

"Can you put up with the whims of an old woman like me? I will try to give you a happy home, my dear, and it will be a perfect godsend to David and me to have something young about the house again. Can you make up your mind to stay with us?"

"Can I? Oh, Mrs. Gillespie! But I am almost a stranger to you—I have no reference."

"I don't ask you for any—David and I are quite satisfied. My maid shall go with you to your lodgings, and help you to pack your things, and bring you back again at once. You know we start to-morrow—it won't do to disappoint Margaret and the children. You and Margaret will like to know each other, my dear."

Armine bent her head and kissed the soft old hands as they rested on hers.

"You are so good to me!" she said, with a sob. "I will be a daughter to you, if you will let me."

So it happened that the close carriage which conveyed Armine to the Charing-Cross station the next day passed in the crowded street the hansom in which poor Dick was dashing madly from one point to another, following up imaginary clues, in search of the wife who had slipped so strangely through his fingers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Against Time.

BY M. B. D.

I HAD been stationed on the main line of the great Central Railway for something more than a year, attending to all the day and night duties at that point with such unfailing regularity that no thought of possible accident had ever occurred to me.

To see that the main line was closed at the proper moment, that the turn out was always ready when it should be, that the branch where the local was made up was open, and, in short, that everything was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, the duties were not especially arduous.

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and notice whether the signals of "danger" or "safety" were in their proper positions.

One morning, just after the local had made up and gone, my wife came running up to me with an alarmed face.

Our little girl was missing. She had seen her only a few minutes before the departure of the train, and had made a hasty search for her as soon as she discovered her absence. She feared she knew not what.

I calmed her with a few brief words, and hurrying round to the station building, began a careful examination of every possible place where I deemed it likely the child might be. (She was only five years old.)

The search resulted in my finding her fast asleep on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her.

That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and clear before me, the double track of a main line. Like ours, yet unlike, for every few rods, I could see open switches and blood-red signals, that gave me an agony of apprehension. As I looked again at the line, my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon one of the rails. My child! With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with the addition that I seemed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches.

Again I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and roused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib, of course to find her safe.

I walked the floor in my stocking-feet for a while, looked at the clock, and again turned in, to dream for the third time the same thing; suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which aroused the Thane of Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his—"Sleep no more!"

To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing gray on the eastern wall.

However a visit to all those switches—mine, not those of the dream—a dash, head-foremost, into a cool, deep, running stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear away whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal visions, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail which stopped, and the express which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own.

But that morning a dispatch had come for one of the directors, who lived three miles to the south of us, and as it so happened the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me.

But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mare, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name.

I reined up.

"There is some mistake here, Jennings," he said, with some excitement, waving the dispatch. "This should not have been sent to me, but to our agent." On reflection—"he knows the contents, I suppose?"

he knows the contents, I suppose?"

On reflection, I couldn't say, and so stated.

"Then go back to your post at once and give it to him. A special train of excursionists for Hampstead Beach will pass at 9 30. Look out for it!"

He turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special train at half past nine.

I drew a taut rein with my right hand, and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty two!

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to me westward for the passage of the mail. Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now.

I drew out the long whip—seldom used, as I have noticed—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives, all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding, hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigid, every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and, by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens—sometimes men, staring in wild-eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight. My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind, my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragement to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment, from the times I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not—I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterward, and many time, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then! how my eyes for the first time swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special.

Not in sight—thank God!

Stay! there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and noisier as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed, I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is beyond my control.

Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle!—the agent runs out with a red flag! two whistles! Down brakes! The train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time.

(Time—as they say in the racing calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward.)

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my sleepy little girl, whom he had snatched from the shadow of that misplaced switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her golden curls directly on the rail.

That dream again! Shall I ever be thankful enough?

I am an older man now, and have other and higher interests in railroads, but not in that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after, and my fortunes greatly improved.

My golden-haired little darling is now a woman, and happily married, and has a little darling of her own just beginning to walk.

Dreams are not always true.

Nor, on the other hand, are they always false.

Cheap busses—Stolen kisses.

LOVE'S REGRET.

BY A. C.

Oh! would that love could die,
And memories cease to be!
That a foolish kiss and a sigh
Were nothing more to me!

Oh! would that a summer day,
A stroll 'mid the rustling corn,
Could pass from my heart away
Like the little clouds at morn!

Ah me! for the starry night,
The glow worm under the rose,
The talk in the fading light,
Which only one sad heart knows.

Ah me! for the day's surprise,
The love in a parting look,
The watching of wistful eyes
For the morrow that never broke.

The Wife's Plot.

BY E. P. C.

"SEEING is believing all the world over, my dear Lydia," remarked Miss Warder, drawing on her gloves and tying her furs around a very skinny throat. "I am simply wasting my breath in trying to convince you that your husband is deceiving you. Wrap yourself up well and come over to my room and see and judge for yourself."

Pretty Mrs. Liston sat before a bright fire which she had kindled with her own hands upon the open hearth to welcome the husband in question.

He liked to sit by her side as she sewed of a cold evening, and trace out picture fancies in the burning coals.

At such times he was very silent. The happy wife had heretofore supposed that he was thinking of her.

But if Miss Warder was to be believed, his thoughts had lately been busy with a mysterious woman, who had suddenly intruded upon their dream of bliss, coming no one knew whence, and going—ah, who could say how or when she was to depart?

Poor Lydia, she listened to the tempter, and turned her back upon her little domestic Eden, hurrying out through the cold December night to search for proofs of her husband's treachery, although, to do her justice, with a most unwilling heart.

Miss Warder's room was a bare and very cheerless apartment, up three flights of stairs.

The house stood in a side street, but from its end windows could be obtained a glimpse of a wide street, and to her own particular end window Miss Warder escorted her visitor with glances of profound meaning and pointed out.

With a beating, aching heart, the young wife leaned forward, only to see her own Ned run up the steps of a house, and knock at the door like one who had the right of entrance.

She saw that door opened by a beautiful golden-haired woman, who greeted Ned with such a tender smile.

They passed into a dimly-lighted parlor, and the blended shadows on the transparent blind betrayed a tall, manly figure bending down to meet a pair of uplifted lips.

"There," exclaimed Miss Warder, as if the world was coming to an end that very moment.

It had ended for Lydia.

* * * * *

When Ned Liston entered his house at a quarter to eight that same evening, with a veiled lady, he seemed to be greatly troubled and perplexed.

He had taken several turns around the well-lighted and well-warmed sitting-room before it occurred to him that Lydia had not run to meet him with a kiss, as usual, as soon as his latch-key sounded in the door.

On going towards the door to call his wife, Ned saw, with some surprise, a letter lying on the centre table, directed to him in Lydia's handwriting.

He opened it, and with increasing wonder, read as follows—

"DEAR NED:—I have been called home suddenly for a few days. I leave you the best servant I could find at so short a notice. She seems to be cleanly and civil, and promises to take good care of the house. She is deaf and has an impediment in her speech, but she understands signs readily.

"In haste, LYDIA."

"Gone home! What for I wonder? She doesn't say. Hadn't time, probably. And left me with a deaf and dumb servant! Understands signs readily, does she! Then someone else must make them to her. I'll be shot if I will!"

Ned stood for a few moments in utter perplexity, frowning at the letter, and pulling his moustache. Then he rang the supper bell.

The deaf and dumb woman caught up the tray of dishes that stood ready on a side-table, and went upstairs.

Mr. Liston, glancing up at his new servant, saw a middle-aged woman, bent and stooping, whose thin, sad face, deeply wrinkled, was half hidden by a widow's cap and spectacles, and some narrow bands of black hair, well sprinkled with grey.

In Lydia's own arm chair, before the fire, sat another widow, young, lovely, and fascinating to a degree.

The deaf and dumb servant waited deftly enough during supper, and was, of course, no restraint upon the conversation.

After the table had been cleared away the piano was opened.

For more than an hour a bird like soprano warbled Ned's favorite songs, and Ned listened as happily as if there had been no absent Lydia in the world.

"Hark! Someone is sobbing and crying near that door," said the fair widow, suddenly, as she finished a Scotch air that Lydia loved. "Oh Ned, if I have been watched and perhaps followed to this house, what shall we do?"

"It is nothing but your fancy, Emma," said Ned, freeing himself and opening the door.

But even he was thoroughly startled, when he saw the new servant crouching on the first step of the staircase, near the parlor, with her head buried in her clasped hands, and rocking to and fro in a paroxysm of grief or pain.

"Are you ill?" he asked, loudly, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

She looked from him to the graceful, shrinking figure in the doorway.

Then she rose, pointing to her mouth and cheek, and making a strange, moaning kind of noise, she took the lamp she had left on the hall table and hobbled down to her basement room.

"A sudden attack of toothache, or neuralgia in the face, as near as I can make out her meaning," said Ned. "Why, Emma, how pale you are."

"That woman frightens me. There is something very strange about her. Do send her away, dear Ned," pleaded the pretty widow, laying her hand upon his arm.

Her shadow, as she stood beside him at the open door, was projected on the wall opposite the kitchen stairs.

If she could have seen the gleaming eyes that watched it; if she could have caught one glimpse of the dumb woman's face, as she stood listening on that staircase, she might well have felt alarm.

"Won't you send her away, Ned?" the soft voice pleaded.

"Don't be foolish, little one. Do you think I would let harm come near you in this house?" said Ned, finding his cigar at last, and lighting it. "The woman is ill, afflicted, and unhappy. I am sure you won't ask me to send her away on such a bleak and stormy night as this is, when you think of it quietly, my dear sister."

The parlor door closed.

The dumb woman sank down upon her knees on the dark kitchen staircase.

"His sister!" she gasped. "Oh why did'nt I think of that? I see it all now, and what a wicked, wicked wretch I have been."

* * * * *

An hour later the beautiful widow was safe in her own room, sleeping without unpleasant visions of any kind; and Ned was bending over the dying coals of the parlor fire nursing the fag end of his last cigar, while he pondered over the different events of the evening.

"Oh dear, I wish the little woman was here, for I'm fairly lost without her," he sighed, as he rose from his chair to prepare for bed.

"She is here, Ned," said a small voice behind him.

He turned suddenly round, frightened nearly out of his wits, and drew a long breath of relief at seeing his wife in veritable flesh and blood, standing before him.

"Why, how on earth did you get in, dear?" he asked. "I locked the doors myself."

"Oh, Ned, you will hate and despise me when you know," she sobbed, eluding his offered embrace. "No, don't kiss me till I've told you. And then you'll never kiss me again, I'm afraid. You see, Ned, Miss Warder came here this afternoon, and she told me something about you, and when I wouldn't believe it, she took me to her own room, and there I saw you, Ned, going into a house, and meeting a lady that you kissed. Miss Warder said she had watched you going there every evening for a whole week, and she told me of a way in which I could find out for myself what it all meant. And, oh Ned! She disguised me and painted my face, and I was the dumb woman. And I saw you bring that lady here. And I heard her sing my songs to you, and I sat outside on the stairs crying and praying that I could die, for I thought it was Jane Rouche, who was your first love, you know, Ned, and who is a widow now."

"Jane Rouche!" cried Ned, indignantly.

"I know, I know," said Lydia, interrupting him. "But I did not know then, and at last I grew angry, Ned, and my head turned round, and I had such dreadful thoughts about her that I was afraid. Then I heard you call her sister, and I remembered Emma at once. I put off my disguise, and washed off the paint, and waited till she had gone to bed, to come and ask you to forgive me. But I am afraid you never can."

It was impossible to cherish any feeling of resentment with the image of the weeping figure on the stairs so fresh in his memory.

"Poor child! What an evening you must have passed, thanks to that meddling old maid," he said. "But she was right in one thing, Lydia. It is just one week since poor Emma came to this city, and I have visited her every evening since. I wished to tell you of her arrival at the first; but the poor girl has a morbid dread of being discovered. Her husband is a drunkard now, and very nearly a lunatic, if not entirely so, and she has fled to me for a refuge and a protection till a divorce can be obtained. She trembles at a shadow, and her nerves are all unstrung."

"Oh, I will do everything in my power to make her happy," said Lydia, whose kind heart was touched, as he had intended it to be, by the sad story of the beautiful Emma. "But Miss Warder must not know anything about her, if she is to be safe from her husband under our roof."

"End that acquaintance, my love," said Ned, "This will be an excellent excuse."

Lydia hesitated.

"And we will bury the history of the dumb servant in oblivion," he added. "Emma need never know."

"Dear Ned, how good of you! I will never doubt you again—never!" said Lydia.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LONDON POSTAL SERVICE.—On one occasion inquiry was made respecting a letter addressed to Paris, and intended to have been registered, the contents of which were stated to be worth $625 000. The letter was found among the ordinary correspondence. A £30 Bank of England note was pinned to one of the pages of a book addressed to the initials of a lady at a receiving house in the city. A newspaper wrapper was found to contain a letter, a bill of sale and twenty-five dollars' worth of bank notes; while a brown paper parcel, bound up with a string after the graceful fashion grocers have of tying up bundles, and quite unsealed, was found to enclose six sovereigns, one half-crown, two sixpences and three three penny pieces, wrapped up in small articles of ladies' dress. Coins were found, too, in pieces of cake and slices of toast that had gone into the letter boxes without paying the registration fee. In the more than 18 000 articles of different kinds which reached the Returned Letter Office without covers or without addresses, about $1 250 worth of coin and bank notes was enclosed, and checks and bills of exchange in value amounting up to $40 000.

A present of more than 70,000 postage stamps was made to the Postmaster General, if we may thus interpret the fact that that number of stamps were found unattached in various letter boxes of the country.

Strangest of all the revelations which are made is the statement that two packets addressed to Australia were returned to England marked "unclaimed." On opening them it was found that they contained respectively 100 sovereigns (about $500) and 50 sovereigns. No communication of any sort accompanied the gold. It is presumed that the sender directed these packets to himself, and followed them in another ship bound for the colony, but that, having died on the passage, or the ship having been lost, no application was made at the post-office for them.

A BIRD THE PRELUDE OF DEATH.—Howell, in his "Familiar Epistles," observed, July 3, 1633: "I can tell you of a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true. As I passed by St. Dustan's in Fleet street last Saturday, I stepped into a lapidary or stone-cutter's shop to treat with the master for a stone to put upon my father's tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I might spy a huge marble with a large inscription upon't, which was thus, to my best remembrance: 'Here lies also John Oxenham, a goodly young men, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanish'd. Here lies also Mary Oxenham, the sister of the said John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in the room. Here lies hard by, James Oxenham, the son of the said John, who died a child in his cradle a little after, and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.'"

DON'T COMPLAIN.—In general, he who makes no ado is supposed to have no troubles of his own, or an organisation so inferior that it is not jarred out of tune by the rough usage of fortune: to make the very worst of every trouble, big or little, from the fracture of a teacup to that of a skull is considered by many a proof of great sensibility and depth of character, while he who pursues the other course, who endures reverses, slights, injuries, pin pricks of annoyance, agues of anxiety, physical and mental neuralgias without reporting them to every passer, and howling his grievances into the ears of every listener, is often spoken of as of fibre too coarse to feel acutely and suffer keenly. Nevertheless, he is more pleasing to his acquaintances than the habitual grumbler—the notoriously unfortunate person. For it is a well known fact that no one likes to have unfortunate friends.

M. S.

The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair was informed that "it costs money, hair does."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

LEGEND OF THE LAPWING.—There is a legend common in Scandinavia that a dishonest handmaiden of the Blessed Virgin purloined her mistress's silver scissors, and that she was transformed into a lapwing for punishment, the forked tail of the bird being a brand of the theft, and that the bird was doomed to a continual confession of the crime by the plaintive cry, "Tyvit, tyvit!" that is, in Scandinavian, "I stole them! I stole them!"

A CARDINAL'S RELAXATION.—The great French Cardinal Richelieu, we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont, knowing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which showed the courage, as much as the event showed the diplomacy of the courtier. The offer was accepted, but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of his Eminence, and thus lost a few bouts, but gained speedy and high promotion by the favor of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY.—The word pin-money is not used much nowadays, and when it is, is apt to be used loosely. It is often employed to mean an allowance by a father or husband for a daughter's or wife's extra expenses. But its proper significance is a woman's allowance for all her personal outlay, whatever it may be. The origin of the term is somewhat singular. Long after the invention of pins, in the fourteenth century, the maker was permitted to sell them openly on the 1st and 2d of January only, when the court and city ladies crowded to the shops to buy them, having been provided by their fathers and husbands with money for the purpose. After pins had become plenty and cheap, women spent their money for other things, but pin-money remained in vogue.

AGES OF ANIMALS.—The average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels and hares, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen to sixteen; lions are long lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of seventy. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. Pigs have been known to reach twenty, and the rhinoceros twenty-nine; a horse has been known to live to the age of sixty two, but average twenty-five or thirty; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and purpoise attain the age of thirty; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens have frequently reached the age of 100; swans have been known to live to the age of 300. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

BIG BELLS.—In making large bells, loudness rather than pitch is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much further extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, London, weighs 13 000 pounds, and the bell of Antwarp 16 000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; the bell at Rome, 19 000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30 000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 133,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But, as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by the order of Empress Anne in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated at 442,772 pounds. It is nineteen feet high and measures around the margin sixty-four feet. There are few bells of interest in the United States.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The earliest records of the world's history bear testimony to occasional instances of the successful practice of medicine by women. Mythology corroborates the current belief in woman's capacity for this career by ascribing to the Egyptian Isis the duty of watching over the health of the human species, and the discovery of several drugs. Among the Romans, Juno Lucina presided over childbirth. Hygeia, the daughter of Esculapius, and Ocyroe, the daughter of Chiron, were learned in medicine. Esculapius is portrayed as followed by a multitude of both sexes who dispensed his benefits. As early as the eleventh century before Christ there existed in Egypt a college of physicians, who seem to have been of the sacerdotal caste, and were certainly of both sexes. The Iliad and Odyssey both refer to women skilled in the science of medicine; among the Greeks, Olympias of Thebes, Aspasia, and Agnodice were pre-eminent for their ability and medical writings. The skill of Agnodice is said to have been such as to have brought about the legal opening of the medical profession to all free born women of the State. Phenarete, the mother of Socrates, was a midwife.

WOOING AND WAITING.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

The Winter snows fell softly,
And bid the flowers away,
But Mabel said "The Spring will come
And life again be gay."
So I waited.

The Spring buds burst to blossoms,
Sweet perfume filled the air;
But Mabel spoke of Summer time
When earth would be more fair.
And I waited.

The Summer roses nodded,
And the Summer breeze blew by,
But Mabel talked of Autumn then—
Reasoning sweetly why—
'Til I waited.

The golden leaves were falling,
But Mable, alas, was gone;
Another came, another talked,
Another Mabel won,
While I waited.

I question is it Fortune,
Or simply the work of Fate,
That every son of Adam
On earth must learn to wait,
To wait, wait, wait?

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

VIVIAN did not ask to see Miss Calderon; he did not even ask if she was at home. He rode away and was out of sight in a few seconds.

A short cut to the high-road could be obtained by crossing some fields, called the Quarry Fields, which skirted one portion of the wood, and from which a horseman could reach the high road only by leaping a five-barred gate and a ditch beyond. But this presented no difficulty to Vivian. He dashed across the fields, forgetting even Alba—not noticing that, as he passed near the Quarry Wood, the bloodhound, galloping by his side, paused suddenly, wheeled, and, turning, plunged into the wood. A laboring man, hedging and ditching on the other side of the gate, heard swift muffled hoof strokes in the meadow, and, looking up, he saw the noble steed, the foam flying from its nostrils coming like a whirlwind, towards the gate. The man dropped his shears in his alarm. But there was no need for alarm; the horse rose to leap, and cleared gate and the wide ditch beyond. There was scarce a moment's pause, and then the dust rose in clouds behind the flying hoofs, and horse and man were gone.

"Well," said the laborer, as, long after Vivian had disappeared, he stood staring along the road, "if that ain't a mad leap! But that Mr. Devereux of Rougemont would jump over the Channel! Hullos! What's that?"

"That" was the deep baying of a dog, making the welkin ring, followed by a long dismal howl. The man listened; the sound came from the wood and was repeated again and again. Some one was walking rapidly along the road—a farm laborer.

"I say," he called out, "do you hear that? That's Mr. Vivian Devereux's bloodhound. I see him ride past here not half an hour ago with that dog; and there's not a dog in this part has got such a voice. There it is again!"

The hedger, wiping his brow, said—

"What's up, I wonder? Mr. Devereux of Rougemont took that gate just now on horseback like a catamount. I never see such a leap. He came over the field—from the wood."

"Mate, what do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean—that's flat; but that dog is after something. Come along to the wood; it can't do no harm."

"But the dog?" said the other. "It's an awful beast!"

"It won't hurt us; nor no one I'll warrant. I've been used to dogs, and I know what the sound of that brute's voice means. I'm going to the wood."

"And I too then," said the other. And together the two men crossed the field, and entered the Quarry Wood.

CHAPTER XXII.

THINKING all safe, Mr. Stephen came forth from his hiding place and was just crossing the courtyard on his way to one of the side entrances, when Vivian Devereux dashed under the gate and drew rein so sharply that Selim's slender fore feet pawed the air. His rider's keen eye instantly caught sight of Stephen, who tried to escape, but in vain.

"Stop!" said Vivian's stern voice, as he sprang to the ground, and threw the rein to an attendant groom. "A word with you, Stephen. Is Sir Marmaduke returned?"

"No, sir," answered Stephen, trembling. "I think——"

"Never mind your thoughts! Follow me!"

Stephen obeyed; and Vivian entered the hall, where the servants from Rougemont were standing about.

"Now," said Vivian, halting and turning to Stephen, hardly glancing at a heavy hunting whip that lay on a table near him, "you know what has been done with the picture your master removed. Tell me at once. No lies or excuses. I will hear none; and I will have no mercy. Speak now, or I will horsewhip you till you do, or till you are speechless. Choose."

The man fell upon his knees.

"Mr. Vivian, I am only a servant. I obeyed my master. If I tell you——"

"Bah!" interrupted Vivian contemptuously. "Do you suppose I would hide a varlet like you for revenge? Waste no more time."

The man rose.

"This way, sir," said he humbly. "The picture is safe; there's no harm done to it."

He led the way to the vaulted chamber where the portrait had been placed. Vivian's face showed no emotion, save a momentary passionate quiver of the white lips as he looked at the painting to make sure that it had received no damage. Then he simply told the servants to remove it.

He stood by without a word while his orders were obeyed, having dismissed Stephen by a gesture; and when the picture was in the carriage, and fairly on its way to Rougemont, he turned to mount his horse. Then he remembered Alba, and looked round quickly. What had become of the dog? But, even as that thought flashed through his brain, he started with an involuntary exclamation, "Thank Heaven!" as his ear caught the deep bay of the blood hound, and Alba sprang into the courtyard and fawned round him. Vivian's suspicions however were instantly aroused by the demeanor of the bloodhound, as well as by the mere fact of his having quitted his company at all. His eyes rolled wildly, he was restless, and ran round and round in a circle, putting his nose to the ground ever and anon, and then tossing up his head with the stifled howl that denotes extreme mental pain in a dog. A strange and dreadful thrill shot like cold steel to Vivian's heart.

"What can have happened?" he said involuntarily, turning to the house steward, who had been standing in the entrance, and had drawn near, watching the dog's move ments.

But, as the steward opened his lips to answer, his face changed; he suddenly pointed through the open gateway, and Vivian, following his look, saw half a dozen men running towards the house, three of them a little in advance of the rest. The bloodhound sprang to his master's side, and crouched down, showing his teeth ominously; the foremost man, however—none other than the hedger—ran on fearlessly, and paused, panting, a few paces from where Vivian stood.

"Mr. Vivian," he gasped—"sir—they're bringing him here! We found him—Sir Marmaduke!"

"Great Heaven, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Duke, sir," said the man—"we found him—me and my mate—in the Quarry Wood—quite dead—stabbed to the heart! It was your dog that found him, sir."

"Dead! Duke Devereux murdered!" he repeated mechanically.

The sudden shock of such awful news, the terrible revulsion of feeling, almost made Vivian's brain reel. He seemed at first hardly to comprehend what he had heard. The faces round him looked like those in a dream—a dream all darkness and horror. Then some one came forward, putting the laboring man aside with an air of authority. Vivian's strong will had conquered now; his haughty resolute spirit reasserted itself.

"Tell me plainly," he said, seeing that the new comer was a policeman—and they wondered how it was that he spoke so calmly and firmly—"what has happened?"

"Plainly then, Mr. Devereux," answered the man, saluting respectfully, "two of these men heard your dog baying in the Quarry Wood, and went to see what was the matter; and they found Sir Marmaduke, in about the middle of the wood, lying stabbed. The dog was standing by howling and barking. One of the men ran for me and the other got assistance. We procured a carriage and a stretcher, sir, and they're bringing him on here."

"Is that all?" asked Vivian, in the same manner. He had listened to the speaker without even a movement, save that, when he spoke of the dog watching by the corpse his hand was laid caressingly on the blood hound's head. "Was there no trace of the assassin, or the weapon that he used?"

The man changed color and looked on the ground.

"The weapon? Yes, sir," he said, hesitating, then hastily—"Best not speak of that now, sir—here, I mean"—glancing round.

Vivian looked at him steadily. Revealed to him in a moment was the whole act of a fearful drama. He had followed Duke Devereux from Chandos Royal and Temple Rest; he had been near the wood; there was no one to prove that he had not entered it. Yet, even with such a fearful possibility hanging over him, he did not lose his self-possession.

"I understand," he said, in a low tone. "I will speak to you presently;" then, turning to the steward, he added authoritatively "Clear the place of all but needful witnesses. I will have no gaping mob here; and, John"—to another servant—"ride down with all speed to the lodge, and see that no one is allowed to enter the park but the carriage and its escort."

Instant obedience was a matter of course where Vivian Devereux commanded. He gave Selim into the charge of a groom, and bade the policemen and the two witnesses accompany him into the house; but as they reached the hall the roll of carriage-wheels was heard. The policeman glanced quickly at Vivian's face. There was no change of color—the pallor was too deep and settled for that; but there was a momentary sharp compression of the lips, and he pressed his hands over his eyes, as if he would hide their expression, or shut out some horrible vision.

Vivian opened the dining room door.

"Let them bring my brother in here," he said to the steward, and passed in alone, save that Alba, with drooping head, followed, and lay down at his feet.

With folded arms, and motionless attitude and features that seemed wrought in marble, Vivian stood waiting. He heard every sound; he heard many voices murmuring, and then the heavy measured tramp up the broad steps, and through the marble hall; and then the men came in through the broad doorway bearing the long stretcher covered over with a mantle, and, obedient to a sign from Vivian, laid their awful burden on the table.

He recognised some of the bearers. He could think now how strange was the coincidence that Farmer Tredegar, whose home the dead man would have wrecked, should be one of them. An inspector of police was another; and two of the others were tenants on the Chandos Royal estate. The awestruck faces of the servants who had entered the room unchecked filled up the background of the solemn picture.

No one spoke a word; but those who had borne the corpse fell back a little as Vivian, with his own hand, drew back the mantle.

He looked down upon his face. The thoughts of his heart were beyond all power of language. They had lived—these two brothers—without love; they had parted without peace; and now death stood between them forever.

But no sound passed Vivian's lips, which were as hueless as those of the dead. Presently, and in silence, he drew the mantle over the face of the murdered man, and turned to the inspector.

"I am ready," he said, in a clear measured voice, and without the quiver of a muscle—"ready to ask questions and to answer them. I believe that you have the weapon with which this deed was done. Show it to me."

The inspector looked at him, glanced uneasily round the breathless circle, and then slowly drew out a weapon—the hilt flashing with jewels, the blade stained dark with blood.

"Do you recognise this, sir?" he said.

There was a cry from all there save two—the accused and the accuser. Vivian Devereux might have been stricken with death as he stood—his very breathing seemed suspended as he looked on the fatal weapon. He roused himself with a start; he saw them all watching him and a haughty flush for one moment dyed cheek and brow; but it passed, and he fixed his brilliant eye full upon the face of the speaker, whose glance quailed beneath his gaze, like that of a guilty man.

"So," said Vivian Devereux calmly, "I am my brother's murderer—and a prisoner? Be it so; I make no resistance. You ask me if I recognise the weapon. I do; I wore it at a costume ball; it is a Greek dagger that I brought from the Levant. I threw it carelessly into a drawer in the library and have never seen it from that time. How it came into the hands that wrought this foul murder I cannot tell; but, as I stand before Heaven, and in the presence of the dead"—he drew back the mantle again, and, looking down unflinchingly upon the locked livid features, laid his firm hand solemnly upon the cold brow—"I declare that I am innocent of even the thought of the crime laid to my charge."

Perhaps in that moment not one there believed him guilty. His demeanor throughout had been wholly inconsistent with the idea of wilful assassination, and his mien now, as he made that solemn asseveration of innocence—his action—the noble dignity of face and voice—all carried conviction. The servants crowded round with tears and passionate exclamations of indignation at the accusation and of faith in him; and then, for the first time, Vivian's stern self control broke down.

"Spare me!" he said, for one moment covering his face. "I can bear all—all but this. Heaven knows I am grateful. I will speak to you soon; but, as you love me, leave me now!"

Reluctantly yielding to their master's wishes, the servants went slowly out, and then the inspector, who had drawn back, came forward.

"Mr Devereux," he said, "you will believe I have never had a harder duty to perform; and I hope to Heaven, sir, you'll prove your innocence. I don't think you guilty, sir; but you see——"

"Hush, friend," interposed Vivian gently—"you only do your duty. And now I suppose I must ask favors, and not issue commands. I have but two to ask, and one is that you will allow me to speak to the steward for a few moments—in your presence if you choose."

"Mr. Devereux, you're most welcome. I wouldn't think of doubting your honor. I shall send for the Coroner at once, and the inquest will be opened as soon as he can come. I suppose you would rather have it so, and here, sir?"

"Certainly. I am grateful for your courtesy and faith in me. They shall not be betrayed."

He led the way from the room and closed the door, locking it. Then he consigned the two policemen and the witnesses to the housekeeper's care, and told the steward to attend him in the library.

In a clear, concise, business like manner he gave the directions that he wished to have carried out, and wrote a telegram, which was to be despatched at once to his lawyer in London.

"Lastly," said Devereux, "send Fordham"—his favorite groom—"to me in ten minutes, and see that a horse is ready for him to ride to Temple Rest and Rougemont; and—— Stay! Has Mr. Everest been seen, or has any message come from him?"

"Yes, sir; a message has just come from Melton Parva, to say that Mr. Everest wishes his things sent to him by the bearer of the message."

"Very well; let them be sent at once. That is all for the present."

The steward left the room, and Vivian was alone—only Alba was with him; and Alba lifted his great honest head and, with a low whine, licked the hand that had ever caressed him.

"I have no time for grief now, faithful friend," said Chandos-Devereux—there were no tears in his dark eyes—"that must come later."

He drew paper towards him, and then for one moment paused. Now that he was going to write to Vera, to tell her that he stood charged with the murder of his brother, the thought of her anguish, which, until now, the presence of others had nerved his strong will and haughty spirit to control, well nigh overwhelmed him. He strove fiercely and successfully for self command. The time was short, and there was much to be done.

The letter was written, and another to Alphonso: and, as quickly as a fleet horse could carry him, Fordham set off for Temple Rest and Rougemont.

That evening, through the streets of London, the newsvenders were carrying news that came like a shock to society; the papers sold readily, and a roaring trade was driven over the dreadful murder in Cornwall, and the arrest of Mr. Vivian Chandos-Devereux.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I would that I were dead—Aileen, I would that I were dead!"

Pacing wildly to and fro in the library her large eyes dilated, and bright as if with some consuming fire, words burst at length from Vera Calderon, in a voice of such miserable utter despair that Aileen, who stood by in speechless grief, turned aside and covered her face weeping.

And as yet Vera knew nothing of the fate that had overtaken the man she loved. What had moved her so deeply, so that her stately self command seemed gone, and she was like one distracted?

"Miss Vera"—Aileen turned, stretching out imploring hands—"for the love of Heaven——"

"I cannot be calm, Aileen—I cannot, said the girl, pressing her hands over her heart; "there is not one glimpse of light in this thick darkness. You know what lies before me; there is no escape—none; and, oh, worst of all—how can I do it?—how can I—tell him—that we must—part, without reason, without hope? Aileen"—her voice sank to a whisper, her quivering lips could hardly form the words—"I dare not."

Aileen wrung her hands. Alas, what could she answer? But suddenly Vera paused; her quick ear caught the sound of rapid hoof strokes on the drive. The next moment a deep toned bell rang violently.

"What is it?" said the girl. "There is terror in every sound now. Hark! The rider has gone away—it is a messenger no doubt. From whom?"

The question was answered by a knock at the door. Aileen opened it, and a servant gave her a letter.

"Just come from Chandos Royal," he said, and departed.

Aileen handed the epistle to her lady.

"From Vivian!" the girl said, with a deadly sinking at her heart, and hurriedly opened it, Aileen watching her anxiously.

Suddenly the paper fell to the ground, and Vera reeled backwards, catching dizzily at a chair. Aileen sprang forwards; but the girl shook her head, and pointed to the letter.

"No, no," she gasped, "I shall not faint! Read it, Aileen! He is accused—Vivian—he is under arrest now. Oh, Heaven! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Aileen stood still, horror-stricken, while Vera fell upon her knees and hid her face, writhing in speechless agony. Then Aileen picked up the letter and read it; and, while

she read, Vera, struggling with all the strength of her nature for self control, gained at least a partial victory, and rose to her feet.

"I see it all now," she said, in a low, clear tone—"I see it all."

Aileen stood looking at her.

"I could not have believed this," she said at length. "What can you do now, Miss Vera?"

She laid her hand upon Vera's, it was icy cold. The girl did not answer at once; but as she stood silent, her breast heaving under the slow heavy throbs of her labored breathing, thought and will and settled purpose gathered in her large dark eyes.

"The inquest is to be held to-morrow," she said at length. "I must go. Before the night is over I shall have thought out the course I must take. Leave me alone for awhile, Aileen dear."

And Aileen silently obeyed.

* * * * *

In that noble dining-room of Chandos Royal, with its rich carving and priceless pictures was assembled the jury before which the proud chief of the House of Devereux was arraigned as a murderer. It was no motley mob of mere sight-seers that thronged the room; there was hardly an unfriendly face to be seen; the neighboring gentry, the tenants and servants of Chandos Royal and Rougemont—these formed the audience before whom Vivian Devereux was to stand to answer the charge made against him. He had been asked if he desired a postponement in order that his counsel should have time to attend. He answered, "No;" he could speak for himself. He preferred to have no delay.

Without, in the courtyard, stood a line of private carriages—among them one plain dark brougham that had come from Temple Rest; and a groom close by held a horse that had brought the Rector of Rougemont.

A little before the appointed time for commencing the formal business of the inquest, a man of medium stature, on whom the Chandos Royal servants looked with no friendly eyes, glided quietly in, and took up a modest position near the door, half hidden by the burly form of Farmer Tredegar, behind whom he placed himself. Then there was a stir and a murmur. Doctor Coryn turned quickly. Who was this? A tall slender girl, in deep mourning, with a face of Southern beauty, proud and calm, but full of such woe that for this alone it must haunt the memory of whoever looked on it—a face across whose deathly pallor a momentary crimson flush passed as she saw that all eyes were turned upon her. The Rector's gaze followed her, fascinated, and rested in absorbed interest on her features.

"This," he said inwardly, "is Vera Calderon. Her face will haunt me while I have life. She is surely worthy of him. Heaven help her!"

Footsteps without. The door opened again.

With nothing added to and nothing abated from his usual haughty mien, with a face calm and stern, and eyes that glanced with a quick, steady, penetrating gaze from face to face, Vivian Devereux entered the room.

"Heaven bless him!" came in a half sob from many there, as he passed to his place.

"He guilty?" said the women. "Never! Look at him!"

But the voice of the Coroner ordered silence, and the murmur was hushed. It touched Vivian deeply, though he did not show it; but, when his eyes rested on Vera's face, when for one second he met her gaze, his own wavered. He turned aside, folding his arms, to crush down the suffocating throbs of his heart; and for a moment he struggled, and not in vain, for the composure he had hitherto preserved.

The first witness called was the physician. His evidence, stripped of technicalities, was that Sir Marmaduke Devereux had met his death from a dagger wound such as might be produced by the weapon found in the wood. The wound was so deep and strongly given that there was little blood shed. The bleeding was internal, and death must have been almost, if not quite, instantaneous. It was impossible that such a wound could have been self inflicted.

Asked whether he wished to question this witness, Vivian simply bowed and answered "No."

Next came John Trewyn, laborer, who deposed to having seen Vivian Devereux riding from the direction of the wood. He did not notice Mr. Devereux's manner particularly; he was riding at a furious pace—that was all. Subsequently the witness went to the wood with a companion, attracted by the baying of Mr. Devereux's bloodhound, and they found the body of Sir Marmaduke. He was lying just as he had apparently fallen, and was quite dead. The dog was by him. His "mate" went for the police, and he searched about to see if he could find any weapon, and presently found among the underwood, about ten feet from the dead man, a dagger, which he gave up to the police. It was stained with blood recently shed.

The evidence of the other laborer was only corroborative; and then came the policeman. He had examined the body, and found Sir Marmaduke's watch, rings, and money untouched. Evidently the murder had not been committed for the purpose of robbery. He afterwards placed Mr. Devereux under arrest at Chandos Royal. He was wearing the same clothes as when he was, by his own admission, near the spot where the murder was committed. There was not a single stain of blood on him.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then in the musical finely modulated voice that would have filled twice the space as easily as it filled that room, Vivian Devereux spoke.

"It seems to me," he said, "unnecessary to call witnesses to prove that which I do not deny. If I may be heard, I am not only willing, but anxious to make a simple and concise statement of the circumstances of this morning, so far as I know them and have had any part in them."

"The jury," the Coroner replied, "will be happy to hear you, Mr. Devereux; but it is my duty to caution you, though doubtless you are aware of the fact that anything you may say may be produced against you; also that you may be called upon to answer questions."

Vivian bowed slightly.

"Thank you. I am aware of both facts; but, as I shall speak only the truth, I shall not fear what I may state being used elsewhere; and I am willing to answer any question that the jury may think fit to put to me."

In clear, terse sentences, without one superfluous word, yet omitting nothing bearing directly or indirectly on the circumstances, Vivian Devereux then told the tale of that momentous day.

"I will not deny," said Devereux, folding his arms again, "that I was roused to fierce passion—so fierce that I would not heed my faithful servants when they urged me not to see my brother. My object in seeking him was simply to compel him to confess to me what he had done with the picture of Lady Devereux—my mother. It must be assumed at this point that I—perhaps in a blind impulse, perhaps in more deliberate thought—took from the drawer in the red library the dagger produced here. I did not. A day or two after the costume ball—at which I wore that dagger—I put it in the drawer of a table in that room. The last time I heard of it was when Mr. Calderon of Temple Rest was, accompanied by my father, looking over a collection of arms and armor. Mr. Calderon afterwards made some remark to me about it: but I myself never saw it from the day I carelessly threw it there. The idea of threatening my brother's life never for one second—so help me, Heaven!—occurred to me. At Temple Rest I ascertained that my brother had called and had left by—as the servant believed—the carriage-road. I took that road, cutting into it by way of the Quarry Fields which skirt the wood. I never entered the wood; I did not notice that my dog left me. I was too preoccupied to think even of him. I rode straight back to him; and the first I heard of my brother's murder was when I was told of it by the witness Trewyn. This is the simple truth."

A deep murmur, which for a moment the Coroner did not attempt to check, ran through the assembly. Against it however was to be set a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, which, by the very fact of raising the crime above the level of cruel and long premeditated murder, told more fatally against the prisoner.

Asked if he knew of any person who had an enmity against the deceased and against himself likely to incite to the commission of the double crime of the murder of the one brother and the involving of the other in the accusation, Vivian replied that he did not know of any such person. To one or two other questions he replied in the same manner, without hesitation and without concealment. Two of the witnesses were then recalled, and asked concerning the prisoner's manner of receiving the intelligence of the murder, and their answers were certainly in Vivian's favor. Then some of the servants were examined as to whether the prisoner went straight out from the room where the picture was hung, or whether he turned aside. Judging by the time occupied, it appeared that Devereux went straight out; but, on the other hand, the red library lay on the passage from the white room to the hall; and no one had followed Vivian's movements from the second named room to the entrance. They could not swear that he had not turned aside.

Then the Coroner summed up. With great judicial perspicuity he placed the circumstances before the jury. He gave due weight to all that told for the accused—notably to the fact that there was no trace of blood upon him; but, on the other hand, it was to be remembered that the evidence showed that the wound bled internally. The weapon was exceedingly sharp, and there was hardly any external hemorrhage. He ended with the usual formal exhortation, and then the jury retired and there was perfect silence.

Every eye was fixed on Vivian Devereux and he stood motionless, with eyes bent down and compressed lips—outwardly the least agitated man in the room.

Percy Everest, who had come from Melton Parva, watched him keenly, but could detect no sign of emotion; he noted, however that he never once, after the first glance looked at Vera Calderon. She stood with locked hands, and features composed into marble calm, from the very intensity of agony. She knew what the verdict would be. There was no gleam of hope, no flutter half of dread, half of expectation in her heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was a slight commotion, a surge among the crowd, as the Coroner's jury at Chandos Royal returned after a few minutes' absence. Vera turned her face towards them, without any change in its stern hopelessness. Vivian lifted his brilliant eyes, and in one swift keen glance read the answer to the Coroner's question before it was put.

"We find," said the foreman of the jury, with all due solemnity, "that the deceased, Marmaduke Geoffrey Chandos-Devereux, Baronet, of Chandos-Devereux, died by murder, and that the instrument of such murder was the dagger produced in court. And we further find that Vivian Rohan Albert Chandos-Devereux, of Rougemont, is guilty of the murder. But we wish to add," the foreman continued, "that there is no evidence to show the prisoner premeditated actual murder at the time he must have possessed himself of the dagger. He might have intended to use it only as a threat to enforce the explanation he admittedly meant to wring from his brother."

There was a momentary hush. Probably the majority of the audience had expected no other verdict; but yet, when it came, it seemed to paralyse them. They looked at one another; certainly the evidence was terribly strong, the provocation given overwhelming. Vivian had every motive for denial; he was by nature eloquent and persuasive; he knew every art of the orator, how to produce effect by the very reverse of the usual means; he had exceptional personal beauty—these things were for him; but he was haughty, passionate; there was no love, but strong enmity, between himself and his brother; he was, so some of those present had heard, a man of reckless, even prodigate, life; he might make falsehood wear the garb of truth. So argued many of the educated, the country gentry, and others. The feeling of the tenantry however was almost wholly in his favor; led far more by feeling than by reason, they would not believe it possible that the handsome, brilliant, patrician gentleman, who had ever a gentle word for the lowest and meanest, and showed no pride to them—their dear Mr. Vivian of whom they were so proud—could be guilty of murder. He had never told a lie in his life; if he had done the deed, he would have owned it.

"I'll never believe it—never!" cried Farmer Tredegar, in strong vernacular, and a deep, almost ominous hum answered him.

The women sobbed; the men did not seem inclined to take matters quietly—opposing justice recommends itself to these Cornishmen sometimes. But the Coroner sternly enjoined silence; and when it was obtained, which was not immediately, he proceeded to formally commit the prisoner for trial at the next assizes at Bodmin.

Then Vivian Devereux spoke once more.

"One grace," he said quietly to the Coroner, "I would ask of your courtesy, that, before I am removed to Bodmin, I may be allowed to give certain directions concerning my brother's funeral, and one or two other matters, privately or not, as you may please. I will not dispute your dictum."

"Certainly, Mr. Devereux," replied the Coroner; "you are welcome. It will be sufficient if you are ready to leave this place in an hour from now. Whom do you wish to see?"

"Doctor Coryn, the Rector of Rougemont."

The Coroner bowed assent; and, gracefully saluting Coroner and jury, Vivian Devereux turned and moved towards the door. Then he saw, with haughty indifference, how some held back, and looked on half doubtful and sorrowful. He did not blame them; he knew how strong against him was the evidence; but it seemed well-nigh to break his heart when the tenants and servants gathered round him, and with sobs and passionate protestations declared they would never believe him guilty. Among them his quick eye noticed Fordham, who kept back because he knew how the scene must try his dear master; but Vivian, passing near him, clasped his hand closely, and, stooping, whispered—

"Fordham, if I had listened to you, this would not have come upon me. Forgive me, faithful friend. I forgot in my passion what I owed to you and to myself."

Choked with grief, the man could not answer; he kissed the hand that held his, the hand guilty henceforth to the world of shedding a brother's blood, and rushed from the room.

"Heaven bless you, sir!" cried Farmer Tredegar, as Devereux reached the door. "Justice will be done yet! Heaven bless you, Mr. Vivian!"

A figure stepped from behind the burly farmer, and laid a passing touch on his arm.

"You forget, farmer," said Percy Everest, reprovingly—"you forget, 'Sir Vivian' now."

The farmer's arm was lifted, but Vivian's quick hand restrained him.

"Remember the dead," he said; and then he turned to Everest with a look that he never forgot, with quiet words that he remembered in the time to come too well. "One day," he said, "I will repay your courtesy, Clinton Everest—not in words, but in deed."

And he kept his promise.

* * * * *

The door of the library—the fatal red library—closed on the prisoner and the Rector.

Vivian turned and looked full in the Doctor's face.

"Doctor Coryn," he said, "do you believe me a murderer?"

The Rector stretched forth both hands and seized Vivian's right hand, which he had not offered.

"Let this be my answer," he said, "and Heaven my witness; that I believe you as innocent of this crime as I know myself to be."

"Doctor Coryn," said the young man passionately, "you have seen me but three times in your life; the first was to rebuke me of sin of which I thought lightly, the last is to see me accused of murder. The first sin I frankly owned; the world counts it nothing: I lost nothing by avowing it. The last I deny; I gain everything by denial; and yet there is nothing but my bare word to speak for me. What makes you believe me innocent?"

"Your bare word, Vivian Devereux. And why do I trust that, knowing you so little as I do? Well, tell me why you love Miss Calderon and trust her, and I will try to answer you."

And Vivian said no more.

Willingly Doctor Coryn undertook the charge Vivian asked of him, as the man, above all others, to whom he could entrust the conduct of the funeral of the unhappy master of Chandos-Royal, and sundry other things, for which Vivian gave him full powers.

"But surely," said the Rector, struck to the heart by the manner in which Devereux spoke, "they cannot condemn you?"

"I cherish no hope, Doctor Coryn. Even if I am acquitted, thousands will believe me guilty, unless the real murderer can be found. But to the future I will not—dare not look yet."

The Rector was silent for a moment; he knew not how to answer such words.

"You knew," he said, when he could speak, "that Miss Calderon was in the court?"

"Ay; I looked at her once. I could not do so a second time. It was the one thing that might have broken down my guard."

"She is in the ante-room, waiting to see you."

"Let her come in," said Vivian, in a low tone—"I can meet her now, alone."

The Rector went out, and the black veiled figure in the ante-room passed him on the threshold. The door closed behind her.

"Vera!"

She sprang forward into his open arms, clinging to him in such wild voiceless grief as seemed to wring her very life blood from her drop by drop; and he, clasping her to him, heart to heart, soul to soul, till every throb seemed but the beat of one life, yet knew not all that robbed her of the power to weep, denying even the relief of tears.

It might have been hours, it might have been minutes, for all the heed they gave to time, before a sound broke the long silence of that close embrace. Then Vivian spoke very softly.

"Vera, my heart's life, regrets are useless now. It would have been better if we had never met. But the die is cast. Let me speak to you in the short time now left, for I have something to say that must be spoken."

She lifted her head then and looked up at him with passionate despairing eyes.

"Vera," he went on, "I cannot risk this trial. I cannot anticipate acquittal; and, if I am condemned—though doubtless the sentence would be commuted——"

He stopped, and it was a full minute before he could speak again.

"I cannot," he whispered, bowing his head on hers—"I cannot face it! The mere thought makes my brain reel. Bear with me, Vera; I shall be calmer soon."

How could she give comfort? Her very soul seemed numbed. He had been hurled down, in the glory of his youth, when all the flowers of a splendid career lay at his feet—torn rudely, in a few hours, from ambition, hope, love, to suffer for a crime that he had not committed. Oh, what but cruel mockery could be even a look that spoke of hope and trust? And Vera—alas, alas!—would have shrunk from his clasp, from the touch of his lips, but dared not, and yet, in the very moment when it seemed that she could not endure the tokens of his perfect love, she clung to him the more closely, as though in that very love she seemed to betray that she sought strength for her terrible task.

Once more will conquered; once more Vivian spoke.

"I must escape, Vera. It must be easier now than after the trial. If all is prepared, once free of this prison I can trust to myself. A fishing boat would take me across to France; from that country I can readily reach Spain, and in Spain I shall be beyond

the reach of law. My cousin Saint Leon is in the south. He always loved me. I will go to him; and then I can write to you," said Vivian.

Vera paused.

"It would be the better way," she said slowly. "I can manage all if one thing can be safely carried out—the escape from the prison."

"That, I think, can be accomplished by bribing the gaolor," returned Vivian. "I must sound him first; for he might—by a strange sternness of fate—prove invulnerable, and then all would be lost."

"He would not prove invulnerable to the sum I should offer," said Vera; "provision for life, a free passage abroad——"

"Child, no. It must not come through you."

"Through whom else, Vivian? Alphonse? No. How could they punish me? Do I gain nothing by being high born and wealthy—ay, and beautiful? Who would condemn a woman for aiding her lover to fly from disgrace? Have no fear for me, Vivian, and leave all to me. Listen. You trust Alphonse fully?"

"Fully; but he must not come with me. He can, if he so wills, follow me; but I will not ask him, as he loves me, to become an exile for my sake. And now, Vera, the time allotted is well nigh past. I shall see you again, my life, before we part perhaps, no, just Heaven, it cannot—shall not be for ever!"

And in that moment, held to his heart, enfolded by his, her own heart crushed down the awful voice that whispered "For ever" and spoke his own words—the words that had answered the foreboding fear so terribly fulfilled—

"Earth cannot, Heaven will not, part us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Purer than Gold.

BY H. D.

MARRY Will Manville! Celia are you crazy? I'd as soon think of cutting off my right arm as marrying Will Manville, or any other man who is not able to give me a better place to live in than this. I know there are diamonds, and grand costumes and tours waiting for me some time somewhere, Celia, and when you deliberately advise me to marry Will Manville—well, the insanity of the idea is appalling."

Celia opened her sewing-machine with a little sigh.

"Notwithstanding everything, I suppose your blue organdie must be finished in time for the lawn party to-morrow; and poor Manville will be there,"

An impatient frown puckered up Hester's Serle's forehead.

"And what if he is? So will dozens of young men. Only I don't know why you need say 'poor Manville.' He has fifteen hundred a year you know. But, by the way, why don't you take him? You two suit each other remarkably well, and leave me to arrange my own affairs," and the sweet voice suddenly dropped its gay bantering tone, and was so seriously grave and resolute that Celia looked instantly up."

"Celia if Mr. Effingham asks me, I shall accept him."

"Mr. Effingham, Mr. Effingham? Hester my darling, don't say such a horrible thing again, even in jest. You sicken me, you frighten me—that wicked old man, what matters a thousand million if you must have it at such a—such a horrible sacrifice? He is so vulgar, so—so loud—so flashy, so old. Why, his youngest child is nearly as old as you, Hester, and his wife hasn't been dead a year yet!"

"Well, there, there, Celia, don't let's talk about it. Put the lace on those ruffles, dear, and it'll look sweet. I do hope to-morrow will be a fair day, don't you?"

Then she went off to her room.

* * * * *

Mr. Ralph Effingham sat in his magnificent library that snowy, blustering morning, a look of perplexed annoyance on his coarse face as he read over and over again a letter he had just finished writing.

And the letter was to Hester, to whom he had been engaged to be married since the day of the famous picnic, several months before. She had been living in a seventh heaven of feverish delight and exultation that her wildest dreams were to be realised until these last few weeks, when it seemed as if fate itself was bound to be avenged for the outrage Hester was so deliberately perpetrating on her own heart and finer nature.

For terrible misfortune had come to Hester, terrible sickness that had spent all its power of fury on her, wrecking her for life, wasting her wonderful beauty, and dooming her to speak in hoarse, whispering tones; then, as if her evil genius could not be sufficiently appeased by such pitiful sacrifices, her disease settled in her side and Hester was lamed for life.

It was when she was recovering her physical strength—maimed and marred for all time though she was—that Ralph Effingham made up his coarse, sensual mind to get off his bargain with the girl whose beauty and grace he had thought a good exchange for his money.

And the letter that bothered him was the letter to the girl he had asked to marry him, telling her in plain, clumsy terms that he no longer wanted her.

And it went into Hester's cheerful little invalid bedroom where there was sunshine, and where there were flowers, like a cruel sword thrust into quivering flesh, hurting and stinging her sensitive pride, and making her desperate in her shame and rage.

After that came the darkest days Hester had ever known.

More sickness and trouble followed, and death came and left the two girls alone and entirely unprovided for.

They were obliged to go away from the pleasant little home that never before had seemed so pleasant to poor Hester, and the actual from day-to day fight with the world began, and Hester, in her helplessness and misery, had to sit by and let brave-hearted, cheery souled Celia earn the food for them to eat.

It was during those days that the discipline of adversity worked its effect on Hester's subdued spirit, and she saw what a grand man Will Manville was—Will Manville who had stood by them in all their circumstances, who had been Hester's counsellor, comforter, friend, and who now, Hester saw with a bitterness of pain she never dreamed could come to her through Will Manville—she saw would one day be still nearer and dearer.

For Hester's eyes would brighten when he came, invariably asking for her; and when through the day Celia would speak of him, Hester would flush and look conscious, and then she would feel the bitter pain, and tell herself her better sense and better self had been awakened only in time to discover it was too late to be of avail.

It all culminated one day, when Celia went into the quiet little room where Hester sat trying to eke out their close income, making some lace trimming.

"I want to have a little talk with you, dear, about our affairs. I suppose we—I mean Manville and I—might have waited a little longer before we told you, but Will asked me to tell you to-day, and so, dear, put down your work and listen."

Poor Hester!

A look at Celia's sweet, peacefully happy face told her what was to be said, and although it was worse pain than anyone could have told, Hester hushed the sorrowful sobs that were stirring in her heart before they reached her poor, quivering lips.

Celia gently caressed the little white hand that lay quiet on the dainty lace-work as she talked.

"You see, dear, Manville thought it best that we should do nothing until everything was arranged, but now he has got the little cottage he wanted, oh, such a darling nest of a house, and, Hester, it is all furnished so beautifully, and this afternoon he is to come for us in a carriage and take us out to see it. Hester, you don't don't begin to know what a splendid fellow Manville is."

Hester smiled a pitiful, patient little ghost of a smile.

"I know he is, Celia, a dear, good fellow."

"And there couldn't be a better one for a brother-in-law, Hester."

Ah! it was a delicate, roundabout way to tell it, but, all the same, there went a pain like a dagger through Hester's heart.

A brother-in-law!

Well, yes, that was what he would be to her, she who had once thrown him contemptuously aside.

Nevertheless it was a gentle, patient face that smiled at Will Manville, as he stood waiting for them; very pure, lovely eyes that time or sickness never would dim, but that trouble had made more beautiful and soulful than ever, that looked up into his eager, grandly tender face as he lifted her from the carriage.

"Welcome! Come in and make yourselves at home, because—you have told her, haven't you, Celia, that we are here for good? You told her the marriage is to take place to-morrow?"

Another of those agony thrills shot through her, then she smiled bravely at Manville and Celia.

"How delicious! Only, Celia's not prepared enough for a bride."

She said it, scarcely knowing what she said. Then Manville, advancing to meet her, took her two hands in his, and looked down in her astonished eyes.

"But Celia is not the bride, Hester; it is you, my darling, you for whom I have been waiting so long, whom I want above all things, for whom I have made this little home—you Hester, you will let me make you my wife, Hester! Celia tell her to say yes."

No need for Celia's intercession, for the look of ineffable happiness in those deep, sweet eyes, that gleamed on, and radiated from every feature of that rare sweet face answered Manville as man never before was answered.

It may seem strange to those who know of Macbeth only by the means of Shakspeare's sublime tragedy, to assert that he was one of the best and wisest of the early Scottish kings. He introduced many wise laws, held the balance of justice evenly between the rich and poor, and ruled the whole kingdom well.

A Parent's Sin.

BY H. C.

IT was only yesterday I kissed her lips, and she whispered, 'I do love you, Harry, I do love you.' And to-day she writes me this."

As Harry Alton spoke he read once more a note he held open in his hand

"I release you from your engagement. Forget me if you can, but from my heart I shall always pray for your happiness and prosperity.

"Sadie."

Mrs. Alton had a noble, generous nature, slow to suspect evil, but, stung by her son's white face and haggard eyes, she said—

"Yesterday Sadie did not know she was an heiress."

"But I am no pauper, mother! And Sadie is the last person to be influenced by money."

"So I should have said yesterday," said Mrs. Alton, bitterly. "I will take off my bonnet, for I was only going to call upon Sadie."

"Oh mother, do go! Think how lonely and desolate she must be. I was there this morning, but I could not see her."

"I will go," she said, "the poor child's brain may be turned by trouble. Her father's death was most sudden."

"Did Dr Jones give you any particulars?"

"Only that the fall from his horse yesterday produced fatal injuries. He lived three hours in full possessions of all his faculties, and Sadie never left him after he was brought home. She was alone with him more than an hour before he died."

"He was a cold, reserved man, and had not many attractive traits, but I believe he loved Sadie very devotedly. Dear mother go to her and try to gain some explanation of this strange note."

It was not a pleasant errand, yet Mrs. Alton undertook it.

All her mother's pride rose against the father's curt, cruel rejection of the pure, tender love Harry had given his daughter in the three months of their engagement.

She could remember when he had been a comparatively poor man, carrying on a small business.

He had gone to California in the first rush of gold hunters, and returned in five years with the reputation of a wealthy man.

Late in life he had married, and lost his wife while Sadie was a babe, and the child had grown up the ruler from infancy of her devoted nurses and teachers, indulged in every whim, petted and humored.

With no great intellectual power, she had been carefully instructed in the usual branches of a young lady's education.

Her last governess was Mrs. Webb, an elderly widow, who remained as companion and housekeeper after Sadie had completed her nineteenth year, and had accepted Harry Alton's proffered love.

It was Mrs. Webb who received Mrs. Alton.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, with a sob, "everything is so strange! Mr. Dannet, Mr. Eldon's lawyer, has been here to arrange for the funeral, and I had to meet him. Sadie is prostrated, but the state she is in is not natural She grieves for her father, but is crushed by some other sorrow, I cannot even guess. Sadie has told Mr. Dannet to have the house and ground sold, to convert all Mr. Eldon's property into money, and deposit the money in the bank. Imagine? Why he has left over a hundred thousand. I fear she needs friendly counsel, but she will tell me nothing."

Mrs. Alton went to the familiar room where she had spent many a pleasant hours with Sadie.

Her tap being unanswered, she pushed the door gently open, and stood confounded.

Sadie still wore the white dress she had worn the previous day, but it was crushed and limp, and hung about her without any of the dainty neatness that had always characterised her attire.

Even her voice was changed, hollow and dull, as she said—

"I am sorry you have come. No one can comfort me. You must all forget me. Harry must forget he ever knew me. Only a few days more and I shall be gone from you!"

"Sadie, what troubles you? Tell me! Remember I was soon to have had a mother's right to your confidence."

"I cannot tell you," said the girl, her eyes seeming to seek escape, as wild as those of an animal newly trapped. "I can tell no one I am to be as dead. Do you understand? I died to everybody, to love, to happiness, even to hope, yesterday. I am going away; where you will never see me, never hear of me."

"But, Sadie, you cannot. We have a right to some explanation. Harry will never submit to such a rejection."

The girl shuddered, and then with ashy lips, said—

"Tell Harry that he had never so great cause for gratitude as he has to-day. Had my father lived a few months longer, I should have been Harry's wife, and—his curse!"

Then throwing her arms above her head, she dropped senseless upon the floor.

"She is going to have brain fever, and her trouble is a delirium!" thought Mrs. Alton, perplexed, angry, and yet pitiful.

But Sadie did not have brain fever.

On the very day her father was buried she drove to Mr. Dannet's office, and left with him her father's last written words:

"My daughter, Sadie, is to have perfect control of my entire property, as soon as I am buried, to use as she understands to be my dying will.

"James Eldon."

It was a long interview, and the last words were the death-blow of Harry Alton's hope, of an end of his perplexity.

"You promise to give my address to no one?" Sadie said.

"I have promised. I trust you, and am willing to believe your duty to the dead dictates your strange course of conduct. But if ever you can confide in me, you shall not want friendly counsel."

The next day, when Harry sought the longed-for interview with his betrothed, he found the house closed and Mr. Dannet absolutely dumb regarding his client's movements.

But gossips said that "Sadie Eldon's head was turned by her sudden control of wealth, and she had jilted Harry Alton, and gone to seek the pleasures of city life."

And as the months crept by, Harry Alton hearing nothing from his betrothed, accepted his dismissal as final.

* * * * * *

Five years had passed when Mrs. Alton, who was making a visit to her sister in a neighboring city, telegraphed to her son—

"Come to me by next train!"

Wondering, alarmed, Harry obeyed the summons.

He found his mother waiting at the station her face pale and agitated.

"I have found Sadie," she said. "No, you must not look so proud and cold. She is dying and in destitution. She promised me to tell me the reason of her flight. Harry we have wronged her thinking her mercenary or heartless."

A rapid drive to one of the poorest localities brought them to a wretched house, where, in a miserable room, a wasted shadow of Sadie Eldon lay dying.

"I thought to die unknown," she said, her hollow eyes resting upon Harry's face, "but your mother coming to visit a stranger in want, found me. So I thought Heaven was kind, and meant me to clear myself in your eyes. Oh Harry, my love, my only love, could you believe I would leave you unless it was for your own dear sake? I never loved you as I did when I left you."

"But, Sadie, why did you not let me help to bear this strange secret burden?"

"You could not. Even now I can scarcely speak the words. Hide your eyes from me, Harry! My father, on his deathbed, confessed to me that the wealth he brought from California was not his own. He lost what he had made, and in a desperation of disappointment he murdered his comrade, and robbed him of what was half their mutual gains. Murdered him, Harry! Do you understand now why I fled from you—I, the child of a murderer? I have succeeded in finding the widow and children of the murdered man. Every penny has been restored to them, and I have lived by my needle, my only comfort having been that you did not share my disgrace and misery. I know you will not betray me My father's secret is buried in his grave. You will spare his memory?"

"You may trust us," said Mrs. Alton, seeing that Harry was too overcome to speak. "But you must rest now, Sadie. It may be, dear child, there are still happy days before you."

"There are if my love can bring them," said Harry. "You are mine still, Sadie! Mine to love, to cherish. You must live for my sake—my wife!"

And she did live. For with the kindly care of Mrs. Alton, and the love of her son, the bloom came back to her cheek and the joy to her heart. Then ere the summer had come and gone, she thanked Heaven for the blessing of being Harry Alton's wife.

THE WIFE'S CO-OPERATION.—No man ever yet prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mental endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail over the sea, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending strength in vain, that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for the voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared. M. S.

Mrs. Thompson, near Claiborne, Ga., has a mule which, she says has been ploughing fifty-two years.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Season of falling leaves and wilted flies!
All hail thy coming—both the young and old.
The year's fruition, time of doubtful skies,
Of rural walk and unromantic cold.

The maiden fair hies 'neath the fading trees,
And in the leaf o'er which her tancies gloat,
She heeds no vision or prophetic sneeze
Of ham-lined flannel round her dainty throat.

No twinge rheumatic yet affects the seat
With which she culls the colored grass or fern;
But all too soon the pangs of wild unrest
For linimental aid and chafing yearn.

And if her album holds the leafy store
Of all the woods decked out in gold and red!
Is not poetic sentiment a bore,
With influenza prancing in the head?

What glory has young love—tho' in its place
The grandest, fairest of youth's diadems,
If chilled and blighted she may lack the grace
To speak—save thro' the nose—her "l's" or "m's."

Can Juliet rave o'er withered leafy lives,
And feel how deftly they portray her soul,
While—less poetic, but more fit—she dives
The useful spoon deep in the gruel-bowl?

But then what matter. Eve, we know, once picked
A leaf or something in the early Fall,
And since, her daughters, nowise derelict,
Have followed in her footsteps—one and all.

The Belfry Phantom.

BY C. R.

GREYSTON was to be my home.

Grandma, after whom I had been named, wished it, and papa consented.

Grandma was the magnate of our family—the proprietress of Greyston and all its belongings and wealth.

She was my father's step mother only; the estate was hers in her own right, with power to dispose of it as she pleased.

I found Greyston a lovely, picturesque old place, but quiet and lonely.

It stood on the summit of a wooded hill; not another dwelling within two miles' walk, and the village still further away.

Our household was small, consisting of grandma, myself, three women servants and two men, while in the lodge outside slept the gardener and coachman.

The house was a fine old mansion, very large—with great wide staircases and roomy halls, and whole suites of rooms shut up unoccupied, and an old bell-tower, which popular superstition declared was haunted.

The ghostly legend of the place was to the effect that a former owner of Greyston, being crazy, decoyed his promised bride into the lonely tower, and there imprisoned her.

With the characteristic and dreadful cunning of a madman he contrived to keep her concealed, and no one appears to have even suspected her presence in such a place.

Months went by—the bereaved lover mourned for her as one who sorrows without hope—until, one dreary winter day, he also disappeared, and no one seemed to know whither.

His habits being eccentric, this excited but little remark; the servants supposed him absent on a sudden journey, and held all things in readiness for his return; until, one night, the great bell rang out an alarm; but so faintly, feebly, slowly, it seemed as if a dying hand had tolled it; the frightened servants, unaware of any human presence in the belfry, dared not answer, and soon the bell hung silent once more; but in the morning, assistance being summoned from the village, and the belfry searched, an awful spectacle presented itself; two corpses, one so decomposed that only by her clothing could they recognize the long lost girl; the other, that of her lover and murderer, scarcely cold, and stretched beneath the bell, with the rope still grasped in his stiffened fingers.

After this the tower got the name of being haunted, and gradually fell quite into disuse.

Not a servant would have ventured even upon the top floor of Greyston, but I had wandered through belfry and all before ever I heard the sad tale.

Never afterwards though.

I have a horror of ghost stories, and no desire to test their veracity.

Grandma was a very proud old lady, obstinate, headstrong, and self-willed. I loved her dearly, but I had a temper too. One day we quarreled, for the first time and the last time. I had lived with her nearly six months. One afternoon she sent for me to her room, and received me with a grave, stern face. She turned aside as I bent down to embrace her, and then pointed silently to a chair. I sat down, wondering. She laid her wax-like, tremulous old hand upon a folded parchment that lay beside her.

"Madge," said she, "this is my will, in which you are named my heiress. You have become very dear to me, child; dear as my own flesh and blood, and I fear you are going to grieve me. What kept you out so late in the grounds last night? And from whom did you receive the note you have in your bosom?"

I took the note from my dress and placed it in her hand.

"You can read it yourself, grandma," I said.

She read it aloud:

"DEAREST MADGE—I want to see you. Your father thinks it best I should not call at the house without Mrs. Staunton's permission. Will you walk in the garden between eight and nine this evening? I cannot come easier.

Fondly and faithfully yours.
PERCY."

Grandma sat silent, holding the note in her hand, and seemingly lost in thought.

I took it from her gently.

"There is no treason there, grandma," I said.

She looked up with a start.

"Madge," said she, "you are a good, honest girl. I will make you a rich woman. Give up this foolish love affair. You cannot marry young Dalroy. I must choose your husband myself."

Give up Percy! I laughed aloud at the thought.

"Surely you are jesting, grandma. You misunderstand my character if you think I would sell my heart and faith for money. I would not accept fortune as the price of truth and love. I thank you for your kind intentions, grandma; but, on such terms I shall never be your heiress—and this decision time can never change."

"Then we part to-morrow morning. My roof shall not harbor disobedience and ingratitude. Good night."

And thus dismissed, I sought my chamber with a heavy, aching heart.

* * * * *

I lay awake in my bed that night, too much distressed to sleep.

It was so sadly strange to go to rest without the accustomed good night kiss and blessing; so hard to bear the accusation of disobedience and ingratitude from one I loved so well.

I wondered whether, perhaps by this time, her anger having somewhat cooled, she also might not be feeling sorry for our quarrel.

Might she not, if I ventured into her room, bid me a kind good night?

I resolved to make the trial, late as it was, and, as I slid noiselessly from the bed to the floor, the great clock in the hall outside my door struck twelve.

Suddenly my heart gave a great bound; I stood still listening. Into the darkness and the silence crept a sound of whispering voices and stealthy steps. My first thought was of the ghost.

My coward heart beat so that it almost choked me, my eyes dilated with their vain endeavor to pierce the darkness.

I could actually feel my face grow white with horror, when I suddenly heard another sound. A sharp, metallic, rasping noise, like steel grating against steel. It broke off, and was resumed again; this time I recognised it. It was the sound of filing a lock; there were burglars in the house.

In the relief of finding that it was not a ghost, I actually became almost calm.

There was a light in the dining-room, and from thence the noise of filing came; they were trying to open the great chest where grandma kept the plate.

In an instant I was at her door.

Our quarrel was forgotten; anxiety for her safety was my only thought.

I knew she had money and jewels in her room.

I opened the door and went in.

A dim light was burning in her room, and I saw that she was not asleep, but rose from her pillow at sight of me.

Motioning her to silence, I whispered the fearful discovery I had made.

She was a brave old woman, and understood the situation in a moment.

She did not speak, but she took my face between her hands, drew it down to hers and kissed me earnestly, and I understood that we were reconciled.

"We can't alarm the servants," I whispered, for the robbers are downstairs, and perhaps have secured them already; but I have a plan," for indeed my heart was thrilling wildly with a bold resolve. "Lock your door when I go out; I am going, God willing, to the old bell tower, to ring the alarm-bell for our neighbors."

In my excitement, and the desperation of our case, I had forgotten the ghost.

She said "God bless you!" her old lips quivering, her eyes like sparks of fire.

I went out softly, heard her turn the key inside; that instant the light downstairs gleamed upon the staircase; the burglars were coming up.

I glanced wildly around. Where could I hide myself?

A large, old-fashioned clock stood up against a recess in the wall into which it was too large to fit—quick as lightning I glided behind it.

A man came upstairs, slowly, stealthily; I could see him from my hiding-place, with a mask upon his face and a dark-lantern in his hand.

His eye fell on my door, standing open.

He went towards it. In doing so he had to pass the clock.

He stopped and raised the lantern to its face.

Oh, how my heart beat! I thought he would surely hear it.

I held my breath in an agony of fear, and I felt as if I was dying.

But he only muttered;

"Past one o'clock," and passed on into my room.

Now was my opportunity.

I slipped from my hiding-place, gathered my night-dress around me, and, noiselessly as a shadow, flitted past the door and gained the stairs unseen.

Up, up I went with light, bare feet, over the polished oaken stairs that never gave back a sound.

I gained the deserted top floor, and groped my way along the narrow staircase that led to the belfry.

Oh, how my heart was beating. My breath came in short gasps. In my soul I was crying:

"It is for grandma's sake. Lord help me to save her, help me to be brave!"

On, on, up the the steep old steps, and in at the trap door.

I heard a sound behind me.

Doubtless it was the rats, but I thought it was the burglar pursuing me.

In an instant I had closed the trap, shot home the rusty bolt and lock, and stood there, locked in the belfry.

A dim, grey light, like earliest dawn, made every object visible.

I seized the rope with both my hands.

At that instant I remembered the story of the tower; remembered, with a thrill of natural horror, that I was standing where the mad murderer fell, holding the rope his dead hand grasped so firmly, while in that corner yonder the dead girl had lain——

A dreadful, piercing scream broke from my lips; not all the burglars in the world could have kept it down.

Horror! what did I behold?

A woman's white-robed form, with dark dilated eyes fixed on me, a white, wild face and streaming hair, and bare arms raised as if to clutch the rope and rend it from my hands.

Despair took hold upon me.

"Grandma, grandma!" I screamed; "they will murder her."

I clung to the rope and pulled with all my strength.

The heavy bell began at last to tremble.

It moved, it swung, the iron tongue struck at its sides.

Clang! clang! clang; the wild alarm pealed forth again and again.

I shrieked to the ghost:

"Keep off, in the name of Heaven!"

Clang! clang! with deafening clash the bell went on.

My courage rose.

I mocked at the figure, and laughed and shouted wildly.

Then I heard voices and the discharge of firearms.

Help had come to grandma.

My own strong nerves gave way, and I fainted on the belfry floor.

I recovered in my own room.

The servants had found me lying under the bell.

To this day I shudder at the thought of being locked in that horrible place alone.

Grandma was unhurt, her property was saved, and the robbers two of whom had been caught by Percy, were arrested before they could escape.

And grandma said it was thanks to my courage; and though she did not make me her heiress, having passed her word to the contrary, she did what I liked much better; she made a new will, naming Percy and myself joint heirs, providing we got married immediately, which we did.

And the apparition in the belfry? I was near forgetting that.

It was a real, genuine vision or shade.

It seems the tower had at one period of its history been used as a sort of storeroom for old rubbish, among other things an immense cracked mirror had been put there, and it was my own reflection in the glass I had seen; but so white, so wild, and changed by excitement and fear that I had suspected the identity of the form, and came very near being frightened to death by a glimpse of my own face.

We have lived several years in the old house now, Percy and I, and have two rosy babies born to us; but all our days are happy, peaceful ones, undisturbed by visionary terrors.

Whether the tower is haunted or not I cannot tell, for that was my first and last experience of The Phantom Belfry.

A SACRED MOTHER-IN-LAW.—Some Kafir customs and rules of etiquette are perplexing; such, for instance, as the one which forbids, under the penalty of absolute social ostracism, a Kafir lady to pronounce the name of her husband, or otherwise indicate him, save by some such figure as the sun, or the star, or other similar metaphors. And though in the new made bride a few such slips are, by common consent, forgiven, for a man to commit such a hideous breach of decorum as to breath the name of his mother-in-law, or even to hint at the existence of the lady, constitutes so great an enormity that I have never been able to meet with an instance of its having been committed.

Scientific and Useful.

COATING FOR WOODWORK.—Good lime slaked with sour milk, and diluted with water till it is of about the consistency of ordinary whitewash, is recommended as an excellent coating for woodwork. Fences, rafters, partitions, etc., are quite effectually protected against the weather for at least ten years by this application.

TOOTH POWDERS.—People would do well to be careful what sort of stuff they apply to their teeth. The Chemical Gazette gives the analysis of a specific patented in Belgium, which is wonderfully like that of sewage water, the only material difference being the addition of some perfume to disguise the odor of the ingredients.

CEMENT FOR CASTINGS, ETC.—For stopping holes in castings, or for covering scars, a useful cement may, it is said, be made of equal parts of powdered gum-arabic, plaster of Paris, and iron filings; and, if a little finely-pulverized white glass be added to the mixture, it will make it still harder. This mixture forms a very hard cement that will resist the action of fire and water. It should be kept in its dry state, and mixed with a little water when wanted for use.

ELECTRIC INVENTIONS.—High-tension electric currents act like a graver or diamond on glass in the presence of a saline solution. It is now suggested that the electric current be employed in rock-drilling, and thus supercede the diamond drill. Metallic points, or rods suitably arranged at the end of the drill stem, insulated in part of the rock to be pulverized. The authorities of Berlin have been petitioned for permission to construct a system of transit in that city, the motive power of which will be electricity.

ILLUMINATED DIALS.—A French artizan has been manufacturing watch illuminating dials on an entirely different principle from those produced by chemicals. His device is: A small tube containing a gas which gives a brilliant light is placed on the dial; a battery about the size of a thimble is attached as an ornament to the watch chain, and a miniature induction coil is also hidden in the latter. When it becomes desirable to consult the watch in the dark, a spring is pressed, the current passes into the coil, then into the tube, and illuminates the dial. The same principle also applies to the illumination of clock faces.

COLOR THEORIES.—The recently advanced theory that the capacity in man for distinguishing colors is only of late development may now be considered as overthrown. Explanations of the grounds on which the theory was supported have proved fatal to it. All the inaccurate use of words descriptive of color, as used in Homer, for instance, cannot be held as indicating a defective condition of the human retina in early times. They were employed just because they were best suited for the purposes of the poet, who would, of course, prefer to be unscientific rather than prosaic. The ruins of Greek temples and the history of painting in Greece prove that all the colors in use at the present day were known to Grecian architects and painters six centuries before the Christian era. Thousands of years earlier still the Egyptians, Chinese, and Indians were acquainted with the same colors as we are.

Farm and Garden.

SAND FOR BEDDING.—In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animal always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

TO REDUCE BONES.—To reduce bones, place them in a large kettle filled with wood-ashes, to which add one peck of lime to each barrel of bones. Cover with water and boil for twenty-four hours. Large shin bones will have to be boiled longer before they will pulverize.

COWS MUST BE SALTED.—Every Sunday morning the cows must be salted. The farm boy takes a pail with three or four quarts of coarse salt, and, followed by the eager herd, goes to the field and deposits the salt in handfuls upon smooth stones and rocks, and upon clean places on the turf. If you want to know how good salt is, see a cow eat it. She gives the true saline smack. How she dwells upon it, and gnaws the sward and licks the stones where it has been deposited.

EDUCATING YOUNG HORSES.—If you have a colt to teach, and have the habit of speaking sharply and loudly, correct yourself of it at once. Colts are timid, and he who manages them should be of quiet habits, and have a low, pleasant-toned voice. When the colt is twelve or fourteen months old begin to put the harness on it. In a few weeks it is accustomed to it and ready for the shafts. But, in doing this, do not be in a hurry. Give the youngster time to get thoroughly acquainted with every strap and buckle, as it were. Let him see everything, and smell everything. The senses of sight, smell and touch are the great avenues of knowledge to the horse, especially the last two.

FOWLS FOR DIFFERENT PURPOSES.—For eggs alone, one should choose White Leghorns, if that color is desired; for black fowls, the Black Spanish, and for handsome plumage and eggs, the Brown Leghorns; for eggs and flesh, the light Brahma first, and the Plymouth Rock next. For brood fowls as foster-mothers for non-sitting breeds, the Cochins or Games, are admirable. For a full yard, where beauty is the first consideration, and few, but sufficient eggs are desired for family use, the Hamburgs of different varieties or the French or Polish fowls and Games will be found suitable, while for ornaments alone, and for young folks' pets, the silky, White-crested Sultans, or one of the many varieties of the Bantams may be procured.

COVERING THE VINES AND PLANTS.—The advice cannot be too often given to all who cultivate vines and plants, as to their protection through the winter and early spring. We have found, after a good many years of experience, that there is no mode so sure of guarding all vines and plants not entirely hardy, against our occasionally severe winters, as laying them and covering them with soil. Of course we mean those which can be so treated. The covering should not be more than from two to four inches, according to the nature of the thing laid down. Strawing-up roses and other deciduous flowers and shrubbery, as is usually done—that is binding them as tightly almost as a pole—is far more injurious to them than no protection at all. When strawing-up is resorted to it should be applied only on the side exposed to the sun. All flower borders should have a good covering of stable manure—horse manure being very good for the purpose.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club. By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

Postage prepaid in every case.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
728 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING OCT 11, 1879

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET"—Chapters XI, XII, XIII, XIV.

"VERA, OR A GUILTLESS CRIME"—Chapter XXI continued, XXIII, XXII, XXIV.

SHORT STORIES

LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FACETIÆ

BRIC-A-BRAC.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FEMININITIES

GRAINS OF GOLD.

EDITORIALS SANCTUM CHAT.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS ITEMS MISCELLANY and POETRY.

The above Illustration represents our new and unequalled Rolled Gold Thimble. We engrave any name desired on this beautiful thimble, pack in a silk-velvet lined morocco-covered case, and send it prepaid to the address of any subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of One Dollar. In renewing your subscriptions to THE POST give us the number of thimble worn by the lady for whom it is intended, write the name you wish engraved thereon, plainly, and send One Dollar extra with your subscription, whether singly or in clubs, and we will send it securely packed postpaid as above.

Our Premium Offer!

A CHANCE TO

Procure a Thimble for Nothing!

This beautiful thimble and morocco covered, silk-velvet lined case, is absolutely given you, or any lady reading this offer, FREE OF COST, we requiring only that you send us subscriptions for two copies of THE POST one year, to BE SENT TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY. By new subscribers we mean those who are not at present subscribers. Please bear in mind, in order to secure the thimble for nothing, get two of your friends to subscribe for THE POST and we will forward thimble and papers to any address promptly. This certainly is a slight service for a BEAUTIFUL GIFT!

If you are in doubt as to what will prove the most acceptable gift to a friend, send a copy of THE OLD SATURDAY EVENING POST for a year, as it will assuredly be not only a weekly reminder of the giver, but will prove a source of unfailing instruction, amusement and companionship to the recipient.

What more appropriate gift could you make to a lady friend than THE POST for one year and our elegant thimble?

In no case will we send a Premium Thimble Free unless accompanied by $4 to pay for two new subscriptions to THE POST for one year and the following Premium Certificate. It is not necessary that these subscriptions should go to the same Post-office or even the same State.

Send money by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order, or Draft on Philadelphia or New York.

Premium Thimble Certificate.

Know all Men by these Presents that the Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST agree on receipt of $4 to mail and prepay all postage charges to any post-office in the United States or Canada, two copies of the SATURDAY EVENING POST for one year.

We further agree to send to the getter up of this club of two subscribers, one of our "Rolled Gold" Thimbles, with ANY NAME engraved thereon, and securely packed in one of our Morocco Covered, Silk Velvet Lined Thimble Cases. All charges will be prepaid, and we GUARANTEE the Thimble to reach its destination in perfect order. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
728 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A BEAUTIFUL person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is impossible to preserve good looks, with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves trampling through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result.

There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm.

But more powerful still than any of these, as a beautifier of the person, is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man, because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good-will, a prevailing desire and a determination to make others happy, make the body a heavenly temple. The soul that is full of pure and generous affection fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose, by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal.

ABOVE all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women and in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with a seriousness and kindness, of things which it would be ashamed to smile or blush at—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another—which can give alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

SOCIETY has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken and expire; but if placed together, glow with a ruddy, and intense heat; a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers—dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often in the busy haunts of men are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth? And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint?

THIS love that destroys love and envy, and that teaches us to endure tribulations, fits us for heaven, and will be our eternal portion there.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A CURIOUS institution still exists in Paris, the Society of the Damned. These damned are dramatic authors, and they meet once a month and dine. Their number has no fixed limit, only every member to be eligible must have been hissed. An eminent dramatist is selected as chairman, and holds the post for three months. His election generally follows close on a splendid failure. M. Meilhac, M. Dumas, Jr., M. Zola, and M. Offenbach have all filled the chair, and presided at the monthly dinner. These dinners are given on the last Friday of the month, and are extraordinarily hilarious.

—

A SOUTHERN girl, who has seen better days as a member of one of the first families of Virginia, is now earning her living by plying an awl at the shoemaker's bench in Petersburg. She served an apprenticeship of four years, and it is said can now turn out as good a shoe as any man in the business who has not had more experience. She is now thinking of manufacturing shoes on her own account, and if she can find a suitable one, she may be induced to accept a male partner, provided he will agree not to make love to her and offer to dissolve the mercantile partnership and go into a domestic one.

—

AMONG some of the curiosities of French school furniture are a map of Europe with such inscriptions as "The Empire of Satan," "The Ocean of Divine Love," "The Harbor of Obstinacy," "The Sea of Self Abnegation," "The Province of Frivolity," etc., and underneath devils armed with pitchforks tossing the lost into flames; also a prize book, entitled "Means of Transport to Heaven," in the illustrations of which a pious looking youth is represented as going to Paradise in a palanquin, in a gondola, on a donkey, on a locomotive, climbing a ladder, swimming and being shot up by a volcano.

—

THE campaign on which Mr. Gladstone is about to enter to oust Lord Dalkeith from his seat in Parliament promises to be one of the most remarkable in the annals of Parliamentary warfare. The last contest which arrested the attention of England was that of Lord Colin Campbell against Mr. Malcom, and prior to that the Galway election in which the costs of Mr. Trench, a son of Lord Clancarty, were over $60 000. Recent enactments have made it almost impossible for an election to cost more than $100 000. The enormous expenditure in former days was mainly due to the polls being kept open for weeks, the electors getting drunk all the time on free liquor.

—

THE movement among the Hindus of India towards Christianity, begun last year, is still going on. Hundreds of families are renouncing it, and asking to be taught about the Christ who put it into the hearts of the English and Americans to deal so kindly with the famine-stricken. An anonymous circular, of native origin, is being widely circulated, calling attention to the character of the Gospel of Christ, as shown in the lives of Christians, and especially in their spontaneous gifts to suffering India, and exhorting the people to accept the religion which has so singularly proved its divine origin. There were 60 000 converts last year, and it is expected there will be many thousands this year.

—

THE *Veterinary Journal* reports the case of the poisoning of Lord Beresford's horse by tea, which it announces "unparalleled in the annals of veterinary, or even human toxicology." A staff cook having left some pounds of tea in a sack, a groom filled it with oats, and, serving out the contents, gave Lord Beresford's charger the bulk of the tea, which was eaten greedily, and produced the most startling results. The animal plunged and kicked, and ran backwards, at intervals galloping madly round, finally falling into a donga, where it lay dashing its head on the rocks, and was dispatched by an assegai thrust through the heart. The post mortem appearance indicated extreme cerebral congestion.

—

A CURIOUS instance of partial loss of memory is mentioned in the French papers. A painter, who was visiting a friend at Sceaux, was standing on a balcony on the second floor, when he overbalanced himself and fell on the ground below. Everyone rushed down stairs, expecting to find him dead; but he quickly picked himself up, and seemed unhurt. When, however, he turned to address his friends, he could not remember their names. He had forgotten his own, and, to his utter astonishment, he also found that he could not remember a single substantive. He can pronounce one after the other the letters of which the names of his wife and daughter are composed, but he is unable to unite them into one word.

—

A REMARKABLE freak of vegetation has appeared in the grounds of a Massachusetts farmer, in the shape of a potato vine which bears tomatoes. It appears to be a mixture of the two vegetables, and is accounted for by the fact that a tomato vine from chance-seed grew in the same hill with the potatoes, and the pollen of the two plants become mixed. Unfortunately the vines were pulled up before the peculiarity of the growth was noticed. Some of our agriculturists may derive a valuable suggestion from this. As both the potato and the tomato are of the same family, it is not impossible that one should be fertilized by the other, and a remarkable economy of labor might be effected if careful and scientific cultivation could produce a plant which should bear good potatoes at the roots and good tomatoes on the tops.

—

THE dry goods jobbers in the larger cities are said to be considering the matter of dispensing with the costly aid of drummers in favor of circulars and newspaper advertising. If such a movement could be carried out by concerted action it would remove one of the most serious taxes upon trade which exists in the country. The ambition to sell large quantities of goods and get a wide "run of trade," has led to this extravagant method of doing business. It has also operated unfavorably in concentrating business in the hands of the few, so that it is difficult for young men with little capital to get a fair start. The abolition of drumming would allow lower prices for goods with an equal profit, and the removal of the taxes which the consumers must eventually pay, would be a relief of no small account to the community.

—

A NEW Australian delicacy is finding its way into the London markets, in the shape of dried kangaroo tongues. The tails and hides have long been utilized—the former for making soup, the latter for leather; and the recent enormous destruction of kangaroos has given considerable impetus to these two trades. Struck by the waste of food by the slaughter of so many thousands of these marsupials, whose bodies are frequently left to rot where they have fallen, a settler made an experiment in curing the tongues of some of the slain, and so highly were they approved that a considerable trade has sprung up in this commodity. The tongues are usually cured by drying in smoke, like the Russian reindeer tongues; but a much better plan is to preserve them in tins, like the sheep and ox tongues in this country. Tongues lend themselves to this treatment better than almost any other portion of an animal, as they stand the excessive boiling better than beef or mutton.

—

THE marriage of King Alfonso, of Spain, with the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, is to take place on his twenty-second birthday, the 29i of November. The King is said to have declared that he desires several banquets, receptions, and state balls to be given in honor of his wedding, and the apartments of the future Queen are being prepared very actively in the Palace of the Plaza of de De Oriente. The fetes in November will include the usual bull-fights and illuminations. Gala nights at the opera and principal theatres will follow the celebration of the marriage in the Church of San Isidro, the oldest but one in the capital. The King has announced to his Ministers that the Archduchess and her mother, accompanied by several Austrian princes, intended to go to Spain from Trieste in an Austrian squadron, which would be met by the Spanish fleet of five iron-clads and two frigates. The future Queen is to land in Barcelona, where she will be received with much state. The Archduchess will be met and conducted to Madrid by Ministers of the Crown and a royal commission of Senators and Grandees.

THE PINE-TREE AND THE PALM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A pine-tree standeth lonely,
In the North on a bleak hill-side;
It is drowsy; the ice and snow-drifts
Envelop it far and wide.

It dreameth of a palm-tree
Which, far in Eastern lands,
Lonely and silent mourneth
Upon the burning sands. CHLANIER.

The Missing Knife.

BY H. C.

I think of all places in the world the most miserable is a registry-office for servants; at least that was my impression when, in a weak moment, I went with my mother to one on a dingy afternoon in November. Any one who has been much out that month will know only too well what the day was like—a damp stinging air penetrating to one's very marrow, thick yellow fog hanging over everything, and under foot greasy sticky pavements along which people stumbled and slid in a manner anything but graceful—every one with pinched noses, bleared eyes, and a general air of injury and ill usage. I was snugly ensconced by the fire, with the Post in my hand, prepared to spend an excessively comfortable day, when my mother came in with her walking things on.

"I am going to the office to engage another servant, Effie," she said—"Martha's time will be up this day week—and I wish you to come with me."

"I?" I echoed in astonishment. "What in the world do you want me for?"

"Because you will soon have a house of your own and want servants for yourself, and it is time for you to learn how you are to hire them," she answered. "I don't want Charlie Monteith to come and tell me that his wife is a useless fine lady, and can do nothing but play on the piano and do crewel-work; so put on your things, and don't keep me waiting."

I knew by experience that my mother, though a person of small stature, was possessed of great determination, and that any resistance to her will was useless; so, with a sigh, I rose from my chair, put down my paper, and, with a piteous glance from the warm snug room to the dismal fog outside, went up stairs to put on all the warm clothing I could find, and came down looking like something between a policeman on night duty and a housebreaker. We set off at a brisk pace to catch—my abomination—a car, and, after a long jolting drive, arrived at our destination.

My mother seemed quite at home, and led the way at once into a dark bare room, dimly lighted with gas; and, as I followed her, I could not help wondering whether I should ever come to enjoy and take an interest in domestic matters as she did. It seemed so funny to picture Charlie and me as steady respectable householders, with our minds full of the importance of the rent-day and the butcher's bill.

There were about twenty women in the room, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, and every variety imaginable, from the smart young damsel with a "fringe" and a certainty of followers to the dignified housekeeper in black silk and with a watch chain. I was glancing over the groups carelessly, when my attention was caugh by a woman sitting a little apart from the others in a corner.

She was very respectable-looking, and neatly dressed, and appeared to be about forty; there was nothing at all remarkable about her, except the intense way in which she kept her eyes fixed on me. I fancied I saw her start when I first came in, and from that time her eyes never left me; and, by some curious attraction, I could not help looking at her now and then, though I did my best to avoid her gaze, and to listen to my mother, who was interviewing two or three young women, one after the other, without arriving at any satisfactory result.

"I tell you I want a quiet respectable woman who will do all the work of the house, as I keep only one servant," I heard her say to a fashionable young lady who had offered her services, and professed to be able to do everything and anything that could be mentioned. "I don't think you would suit me at all. Come, Effie," she said, turning to me, "we must try somewhere else; there is no one here who will do."

"If you please, ma'am, will you try me?"

The request was made so suddenly that we both started; and, on turning round, I saw it was my friend in the corner who had spoken. She had crossed the room so swiftly and lightly that neither of us heard her, and she now stood before my mother, quiet, neat, and respectable, but with an expression of suppressed anxiety in her face which puzzled me; and I noticed that under her shawl her hands were working nervously.

My mother went through the usual form of questions. Could she wash, and cook, and make herself generally useful? Would she be content to stay at home in the evenings, and get up early in the morning, and so on? Yes, she could do all that, and more if required. Did she require high wages? No; she thought the situation would suit her, and a comfortable place was more an object to her than anything else.

"When did you leave your last place?" my mother then asked.

"About a year ago," was the rather reluctant answer.

"And what have you been doing in the meantime?" said my mother. "I suppose you can account for yourself?"

For a moment the woman hesitated and directed another searching look at me; then she answered—

"I have been in bad health, ma'am, and not able to work; but I am quite well now," she went on eagerly; "and, if you will only give me a fair trial, I think I shall suit you."

So in a very short time the arrangement was made, and Mary Joyce was told to come to us on that day week.

"I expect we shall have comfort with that woman," said my mother, as we were jolting home in the murky twilight. "She seems just the sort of servant we want, with no absurd ideas about dress. Really the length to which servants are going now is dreadful! I never see Martha go out with that flyaway bonnet on that I don't long to tear it off her head!"

"I wonder what she would say if you did?" I replied, with an uncontrollable chuckle, the possible scene rising up before my mind's eye with comic vividness.

"I should not in the least care what she said," answered my mother with dignity. "I wonder how you can laugh at such a thing, Effie; I see nothing to be amused at in it."

I saw that Martha's head-gear was becoming a dangerous subject so thought it better to maintain a judicious silence till we got home.

We lived in a small house in an unfashionable street. We were four in family—three girls and my mother. Our father died when we were all very young; and we had then left our pretty country home, and moved up to the city by the advice of friends who said in our altered circumstances we could live more cheaply and have far better educational advantages there than anywhere else. I was the eldest, and had just passed my twenty second birthday; so that my sisters hinted broadly that it was quite time I gave up all claims to youthfulness. But I did not care in the least, for I was going to be married to one of the handsomest and best fellows in the world; at least, so he was to me, though I dare say other people would have thought very little about him; for he was neither rich nor famous—only an obscure country doctor who had his way to make in the world, and had nothing to recommend him but a handsome honest face, a pair of broad shoulders, and a heart that was as brave as a lion's and as tender as a woman's. But I was as proud of my Charlie as if he was heir to millions, or had his name on everybody's tongue, and would not have changed places with the greatest lady in the land for anything that could have been offered to me.

It was very pleasant getting into the warm bright house out of the damp and cold; and it was not long before we were gathered round a well-spread tea table, busily engaged in satisfying very hearty appetites.

"Well, now tell us all your adventures," said Maude, my seventeen-year old sister, who, at her own request, was pouring out tea.

"Yes," supported Katie, aged fifteen, her mouth full of muffin, "tell us all you did, and where you went, and whom you saw, and everything."

"Wait till I finish my tea," I answered, holding out my cup for more; "I am too hungry to talk."

"I used to think people in love were never hungry," said Maude, supplying my wants; "but I have changed my mind since you were engaged."

"Perhaps I am an exception to the rule," I retorted, laughing, and attacking another muffin. "You know I never was romantic."

"No, indeed," said Maude, tossing her pretty head with great disdain; "I am sure when I am in love I shall not care to eat anything."

"Wait till you are," I answered, laughing; and, as we had all finished by that time, mother proposed our going up to the drawing-room, where we all drew our chairs round the fire and prepared to enjoy ourselves.

"Do you know that woman's face haunts me," I said, when our day's doings had been discussed. "I can't help thinking I have seen her somewhere before."

"It must be only fancy," my mother answered. "I don't know where you could have seen her; she is quite a stranger to me."

"It may be," I said doubtfully; "but I certainly thought she recognised me. She looked at me so strangely—did you notice that?"

"My dear child, you must be dreaming. I don't think the woman looked at you at all. She struck me as being particularly quiet and respectful in her manner."

"Oh! yes, so she was!" I assented. "But still I think there was something queer about her."

"I request, Euphemia, that you will not persist in such a ridiculous statement," said my mother, with awful displeasure. She always called me "Euphemia" when she was vexed, and, as I well knew that she never believed in the existence of anything she had not remarked herself, I thought it better to drop the subject, and the postman's knock, coming at the moment, diverted all our thoughts into a new channel, for he brought a letter from Charlie, saying that he had been offered a splendid practice in the North, and wanting to know how soon I could possibly be ready to be married.

"I believe," he wrote, "that most girls consider it necessary to provide a lot of trumpery in the shape of bonnets and petticoats; but surely, Effie, you are too sensible to be bothered with such things, and will not keep me waiting longer than another week, for I am very lonely and very anxious to have my little wife all to myself."

"Did you ever hear such an unreasonable thing?" said Maude indignantly. "Is it not just like a man. The idea of his wanting to be married next week, before you have a stitch of clothes ready! Of course you won't do it, Effie?"

"Of course not," I answered, rather dreamingly, for, in spite of the lacking garments, the prospect was very sweet to me. "But how soon, mother, do you think my things could be ready?"

"Oh, in no time!" she answered briskly, her energies all aroused at the busy prospects before her. "Of course we will get them all at Whiteley's—that is the cheapest place. We must go there the first thing to-morrow."

"I advise you to take me," said Maude eagerly; "I can choose things much better than Effie. I know she will be in the clouds all day, and won't know the difference between one color and another."

I made no answer to this taunt; I was too happy to care what they said, and scarcely heard the long discussion that followed on the engrossing topic of the *trousseau*, in which the girls' imaginations soared to the most dizzy heights of female finery, and revelled in the charming visions conjured up by their own brains.

The following day was devoted to shopping and dressmakers, and in the incessant bustle and hurry the arrival of the new handmaid was hardly noticed. She entered upon her duties so quietly and performed them with such dexterous neatness and regularity that we all thoroughly enjoyed the comfort of her services, and my mother congratulated herself a dozen times a day on having found such a treasure. Still I could never get it out of my head that Joyce, as we called her, watched me in a keen furtive way that always made me feel uneasy in her presence. If I looked at her suddenly, I was sure to find her eyes fixed on me; and, though she hastily withdrew them, it left an unpleasant impression. Her manner to me was always scrupulously respectful, and in every way she was most attentive to my wants, and frequently followed me into my room, which she kept more faultlessly neat than any in the house, to offer her services, when I would much rather have been without her.

I never mentioned the uncomfortable feeling I had about her to any one, as I was sure the girls and my mother would have laughed at me, and, besides, I had so much to occupy my mind and fingers that it seldom troubled me. I was to be married immediately after Christmas, that having been decided as the shortest time in which my clothes could be got ready; and Charlie, after a good deal of grumbling, had resigned himself to the delay. In the meantime the house presented the appearance of a milliner's ware-room and haberdasher's establishment combined. Half-made dresses, scraps of muslin and ribbon, fashion-books, and patterns of every known material lay about in all directions, amongst which the two girls prowled with intense enjoyment, and were constantly to be found trying on every garment that lay in their way.

We were all busy stitching one day, when my mother came in in great excitement to tell us that the new carving-knife had disappeared.

"It is most extraordinary," she said; "I saw it myself in the drawer last night, and this morning there is not a trace of it—so provoking, too, that it should be the new one; I would not mind losing the old one half so much. Are you sure girls, none of you took it?"

"Yes, of course," said Maude, laughing. "What on earth could we want with a carving-knife?"

"Perhaps Joyce took it to commit *felo de se*," put in Katie, giggling where she stood at a glass trying on a bonnet. "Ask her, mother."

Kate was the pet, so her pertness received no check; and, after a little more fussing and fuming, my mother left the room to resume the search, with Joyce's assistance. And my mother was at last forced to give up looking for it.

That night I could not sleep. The whirl of excitement I had been living in for the last week was beginning to tell upon me, making me nervous and restless, and I lay with wide-opened eyes looking into the darkness. I was very happy, and I had every reason to be so. I wondered if it was wrong to be so happy, and a sudden fear shot through me that perhaps it would not last. How could Charlie or I tell what was in store for us? How did we know that some calamity was not coming to separate us—perhaps death?

It was a horrible thought, and do what I would I could not get it out of my head. My room was next my mother's, and we generally left our doors open for company; and now, in the longing to speak to some one, and forget the fears that tormented me, I was half inclined to go into her room, but, hearing no stir there, I guessed she was asleep, and could not bring myself to waken her with a foolish fancies. I rose, and, drawing up the blind, let the bright moonlight stream into the room. For a moment I lingered at the window, looking down into the silent street, and then up at the cloudless heavens, where the full moon shone down, serene and majestic, over the sleeping city, unmoved by the sight of all the misery and crime that lay bathed in the light of its pure cold glory. Then I crept back to bed, and once more tried to sleep, and this time succeeded, a drowsy feeling crept over me, lulling my senses into forgetfulness, and filling my brain with vague shadowy dreams that melted one into the other, without any connection or clearness.

What was that? Suddenly I was wide-awake again, and sitting up in bed, straining every nerve to hear again a sound like a cautious footstep. All was still when I listened—no sound but the ticking of the clock down stairs. The moonlight shone in across the floor, making the room as light as day, and marking with sharp distinctness the shadows of the furniture. With almost painful intensity I listened, but there was no repetition of the faint noise I had heard, and, sinking back upon the pillow, I closed my eyes thinking I had been mistaken, and that the sound existed only in a dream, when again it struck on my ear, soft and light, creeping stealthily, nearer and nearer.

I knew I could not be dreaming this time. I was as wide awake as I had ever been in my life. For a moment I lay terror stricken; there was something so horrible in knowing I was the only one awake in the house, and that it was to me that the awful invisible something was coming. I had no power to moan, to cry out; to do anything but to lie there in a cold agony, hearing plainly the slow soft tread coming nearer. I lay with wide-open eyes staring at the half-open door, waiting for the horrid thing to appear, my breath coming in labored gasps, my heart bounding to suffocation.

If I had waited for another minute, I should not have been alive to tell the story; but, suddenly, with a mighty effort, I shook off the terrible stupor that paralysed me, and, with a shrill cry, bounded out of bed and over to the door, in time to see a dim white figure turn hastily and glide down the stairs, and the gleam in the moonlight of something that shone like steel.

My cry awakened every one in the house, and in a few minutes I had the two girls and my mother round me, asked in frightened, wondering tones what was the matter. I told my story, insisting that it was not a dream, that I was wide awake at the time, and that the mysterious figure was as much a reality as they were. To my own indignation, they received the story with a burst of incredulous laughter.

"Really, Effie, you are too absurd!" said Maude, yawning. "To rouse us all out of our beds because you have had the nightmare, and then try to persuade us that somebody was coming to murder you, is too much of a good thing. Why, I have dreamt the same thing myself a dozen times, and never said a word about it to any one!"

"Oh, but then you are a heroine," remarked Kate, with her aggrivating giggle, as usual losing no opportunity of putting in a word, "and of course would not mind having your throat cut! Heroines never do."

"But I tell you I was not dreaming," I repeated passionately, "I was as wide-awake as I am now—I could not have been mistaken."

"My dear Euphemia," said my mother, "I wish you would not excite yourself for nothing. Your own sense must convince you it was only a dream."

"Mother," I said, grasping her hand, "you may laugh at me as much as you like; but I declare to you that the figure at my door was as like Joyce as one person could be to another."

"Oh, my dear child, this is too ridiculous!" she answered. "What in the world could the woman be doing at your door in the dead of night? I am sure she is sound asleep after her day's work. Come into my bed, for you are shivering with cold, and the girls will stay with you while I go down and examine the house."

She covered me up warmly, and then, throwing a shawl over her shoulders and

taking a candle in her hand, she left the room, leaving the girls to keep me company.

"I wonder what Charlie will say when he hears all this?" said Kate, "I wish he had been here to night; how he would have laughed at you, Effie!"

"He would not have laughed at all," I answered crossly. "He would have believed every word I said, as you all would if you had any sense."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Kate composedly; "But I think I should prefer having none, if that is proof of it."

Fortunately at that very moment my mother came in to say that there was no trace of any one having been in the house and that Joyce was so sound asleep that she could not wake her.

"It is really unjust of you to suspect the poor woman, Effie," she said.

I made no answer, but felt as firmly convinced as ever that what I saw was no dream.

The time passed quickly, and the day for the wedding drew near. It was to be a very quiet affair, Charlie hated display and fuss of all kinds; so, for his sake, if for no one else's, we wished it to be private.

He wrote in glowing terms of his new practice. He was coming up for a day or two before Christmas but would return to his work then, and not come up again till the day before the wedding, as he wanted to keep all his leave for the honeymoon.

Though I was so happy and loved Charlie dearly, there was something to me sad in the thought. My sisters and my mother and I had been so happy together, so closely bound up in each other's pleasures and disappointments. I suppose I felt like all girls in the same circumstances, and realized more fully than I had ever done before that no earthly happiness is perfect—a fact which we never feel so keenly as when our cup of bliss appears to be full.

Strange to say, ever since the night of my supposed dream I was oppressed with an apprehension of coming evil which I could not shake off. I continued to sleep in my mother's room, and nearly every night my sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams that had such an effect on me that each morning I rose unrefreshed and weary, and dreading every hour might bring me bad news.

The weather was very cold, but seasonable for the time of the year. A keen frost made the ground as hard as iron, and the air had a bracing crispness that was delightful after the dismal fogs. It was the day before Charlie's arrival, and we were all busy putting the house to order for his coming, for no man likes to see things untidy about him. I felt brighter than I had felt for a long time, for my previous night's rest had been undisturbed, and the prospect of seeing Charlie so soon put to flight all my secret fears. When he was near I thought nothing could happen to me. We worked so hard that the short day closed in and it was evening before we were aware of it.

My mother and the girls were going to prayer-meeting; but, as I felt rather tired, and wanted to look my best for Charlie on the morrow, I decided not to go, and after their departure, settled myself into the drawing room. I drew a low cushioned chair to the fire, and began my sewing; but very soon my hands fell idly in my lap, and I lay back, looking into the glowing coals, lost in a happy day-dream.

All sorts of things came into my head, dating from the first time I saw Charlie at a small evening party to the day when he told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife, and I had confessed to him that I always thought he liked handsome Maria Glover better, and used to cry myself to sleep with jealousy of her, and he had vowed vehemently that he had never looked at Maria, and always hated tall women upon which I had immediately praised Maria up to the skies, and pointed out all her charms, and so on, through all the happy foolish time that followed. Then I began to wonder if I was really as pretty as Charlie said; no one had ever thought me so. I was shorter than either of my sisters, and had always been looked on as an insignificant little thing; so, as I was alone, I thought I would take a look into the glass, and see.

Laying down my work, I rose, and, standing on tip toe, took a leisurely survey of my own charms. I saw a half-laughing, half wondering gaze, soft pouting lips, and cheeks stained with crimson. Suddenly, as I looked, the laughing eyes dilated with horror and the flushed cheeks grew ashy white, for another face was looking over my shoulder into the glass, the mouth strained in a fearful grin, the eyes blazing with triumph hate; and, as I turned with a shriek, I stood confronting the figure of the veiled woman who had haunted my dreams, and the face of Mary Joyce, distorted out of all likeness to what I had ever seen. Clenched in one uplifted hand the woman held the missing knife.

In a moment the fearful truth burst on me that it was a madwoman I had to deal with, and that I was completely in her power. I knew there was not the least chance of passing her; besides, that cruel knife, might it not be plunged into my heart at any moment?

With a sudden spring I managed to reach a corner of the room, and, drawing a table before me, I crouched behind it, trembling in every limb, my eyes fastened on the terrible woman who faced me.

"Ah, I have you at last!" she said, with a long chuckling laugh. "I have waited so long for this moment that sometimes I was afraid it would never come and you would escape after all; but I have you at last. You need not try to escape; your mother and sisters will not be home for another hour; I have made sure of that. There is not a soul in the house to save you; for do you know I mean to kill you. Do you know that you will never see your mother or sisters again, or the gentleman who was going to marry you? Many a time I have laughed to myself when I heard you all talking about the wedding, knowing so well you would be a corpse before that day ever came. Do you remember the night you roused up the house, and the mistress came down to ask me if I had heard anything! I was at your very door that night with this knife, and had only time to get back into bed and hide it under the pillow before she came into the room."

"But why do you hate me so?" I gasped out piteously. "What have I ever done to you to make you want to kill me?"

A terrible spasm of rage crossed her face; and, coming closer to me, she hissed her words into my face.

"Do you remember being at a madhouse once," she said, "and seeing me there? Don't I know you have traced me ever since? I never forgot your face; and, when I saw you at the registry office, I swore to myself that I would never lose sight of you till I had taken your life in revenge for your pursuit of me. Don't I know well that, if I spared you, you would never rest till you had me back in that dreadful place again? Don't I know that the gentleman who was to have been your husband is a doctor, and that you was only waiting till he saw me to tell him that I was mad? But you will never tell him. The secret will die with you."

As she spoke a new light broke on me. I now knew where I had seen her. It was in the cell of a lunatic asylum I had been taken to once. I never forgot the mingled horror and pity the unfortunate inmates had filled me with, and the impression left on my mind had never left it. I remembered now being told at the time that this woman was likely to recover; and though she would always be subject to fits of insanity, long intervals might elapse between them. In a moment the whole thing flashed upon my mind, and in the same moment I discerned the utter hopelessness of my position. With the cunning of madness she had chosen her time well; there was not the slightest chance of escape. The faces of all those I loved so well, and whom I was never to see again—of my mother and the girls, and, more vivid than all, my brave kind Charlie, who would come on the morrow to find only a dead bride—rose up before me.

My brain reeled and grew dizzy as the madwoman dragged the table that separated us away, and rushed at me with the gleaming knife. Then for a moment my strength returned; and, as I grappled with her, I uttered one long despairing shriek which rang through the house.

But I knew that it was useless—I knew that I was like a reed in her hands, which were strengthened by insanity—when suddenly, as her grip tightened on my throat and I felt my senses leaving me, the door was flung open by a man who hurled the would be murderess to the ground, and then caught me as I fell fainting to the floor.

When I opened my eyes, they were all around me, anxiously watching for my recovery; and—was I dreaming, or was it Charlie's arms that supported me, holding me close as if he would never let me go? Languidly I raised my eyes and met his looking down on me with such loving solicitude as sent a little warm thrill through me, and made me feel utterly content to lie there with my face pressed against his breast for ever.

"Are you better now, little woman?" he asked, trying to speak lightly, though his lips quivered and his eyes were dim.

"Oh, yes! quite well," I answered faintly; and then, as the remembrance of the dreadful scene came back to me, I asked, shuddering, while I raised my head to look fearfully round, "Is she gone? Is there any chance of her coming back?"

"No; you are quite safe. Do not speak of it any more," he said, making me rest my head on his arm. "You must keep quiet for a little, and not think of it."

I was only too glad to do as he wished, and lie still in his arms, soothed by his loving words and caresses. Later on in the evening, when we were seated round the supper table, and I had a little recovered from the shock, it occured to me, for the first time, to ask Charlie how he got in, as he was not expected till the next day.

"I was just waiting to see how long it would be before you thought of that," he said, laughing. "Don't you remember the latch key I got the last time I was here, and my telling you I would give you a surprise some day, and walk in when you thought I was miles away?"

I had forgotten all about it, but felt very thankful that the surprise came when it did. When the others had left the room, and Charlie—he has been my husband now for a year—and I were alone for a little, before saying good night, he gathered me close in his arms, and, bending his head down to mine, whispered softly—

"My darling, I can never thank Heaven enough for sparing you to me. It makes me shudder to think of what might have happened if I had been five minutes later."

The Lady Elfrida.

BY W. B.

AS I looked at my visitor, I could not help a feeling of distrust. She was, probably, a little on the shady side of thirty, a widow, as she told me; and undoubtedly handsome, more than handsome, perhaps even beautiful.

"And, doctor, you may imagine something of the anxiety it causes us."

I had not long been settled in the town, and the lady was an utter stranger to me.

I had never seen her before that afternoon, when she called to consult me about the case of her niece, who, she informed me, was the victim of spectral illusions, and fancied she had been warned by phantoms of her approaching death, and even the very date was named.

I know that such cases really had sometimes occurred, and her grief seemed so real that I at last reasoned myself into the belief that I had been most unjust in my first distrust of her.

Her carriage was waiting at the door, and as she urged me to accompany her and visit the young lady at once, I did so.

My companion's tongue ran on freely during the drive, and I learned that the girl was the sole heiress to a quarter of a million.

She was engaged to be married on the 25th of the following month, but her affianced husband was then abroad, and would not return before three weeks, and that the spectre which she imagined had warned her of her approaching death, had also named as the date, the evening before that on which the steamer would arrive.

When, on being ushered into the room, where, I was told, my patient was, my eyes encountered a beautiful young lady of about nineteen, with waves of hair like burnished bronzed, a low, broad forehead that told of intellect.

A settled, brooding melancholy, however, was impressed upon her face, and I could not but remark the extreme pallor that overspread her perfect features as she rose from the dejected attitude in which she was sitting to receive me.

Her aunt took a seat beside her, and in purring tones began to utter some consoling platitudes; but the girl drew away from her with, I thought, an expression of repugnance. I saw the widow's presence was a restraint upon her.

"If you will tell me the whole story," I began, "I do not despair of exorcising this evil spirit. But," I added, "perhaps there may be circumstances a medical man should know which even friends and relatives—"

The widow took the hint most gracefully, and left the room. My patient gave me a look of relief. I saw that she was evidently collecting her thoughts, and I waited in silence for her to begin.

"You must know, doctor," she said at length, "that my great grandfather was the younger son of a noble house, which had traditions and legends dating back from before the Norman conquest. Most old families have such, and they are generally all of one type. Ours was called 'The Lady Elfrida' who lived in the days of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and the tradition is that her appearance always presaged death. Still, there was nothing ghastly in her appearance—it was merely that of a beautiful, sad faced woman, with streaming golden hair, which she combed with her fingers, singing as she did so a low monotonous dirge, which froze the hearer's blood with horror.

"I tell you I saw it," she said, in a tone of perfect conviction. "I know what you would say—that poring over these old legends my imagination has become diseased. It is not so. I cannot be deceived for I saw it—not once, but several times—and heard it speak to me. Why should it not be so? We do not know the secrets of earth and heaven. Still were it not that I have proof that it was not Matilda—"

"Matilda?" I interrupted.

"Yes the lady who called upon you—my aunt, by my father's will, if I die before I am married, she is heir to all my property."

All my first distrust of the lady came over me again at these words, and I incontinently jumped to a conclusion at once, that it was she who had personated the spirit of the Saxon "Lady Elfrida," to gain possession of the property.

"And of course this spectre always appears to you when you are alone?" I asked.

"Yes, always," she answered; "but you are wronging my aunt in your thoughts now, as I have done. It is impossible it could be she; for though I have had my maid watch her door night after night, she never came out, but the warning spectre always visited me.

Although, of course, I utterly rejected all idea of supernatural agency, I felt that it was not improbable that on the date named she really would die, if by some means her imagination was not rid of this phantasy that possessed it.

How this was to be accomplished was dark to me at present. All I could think of was to say I would come and watch with her that night, and to this she eagerly assented.

I came that evening accordingly. I thought, perhaps, it was but fancy, that the young lady's aunt seemed slightly chagrined.

As the young lady and I waited alone in her boudoir, with her maid in the bedroom beyond, I strove to engage her attention by conversing, but could extract nothing but monosyllables from her in reply.

Her nerves were strained to such a pitch of fearful expectancy, that I began to be alarmed, and felt myself justified in administering to her a strong sleeping draught, and in a few moments her hands fell listlessly by her side, and she was fast asleep.

Then summoning her maid, between us we carried her and laid her on her bed; and closing the door behind me, I went into the outer apartment to continue my watch alone.

I had sat for an hour or two without seeing anything or hearing the slightest sound when I suddenly became aware of a sudden cold, of a freezing horror overpowering me.

A foul, mephitic vapor, too, filled the room, like the sickening odor of a newly-opened grave. Almost at the same moment a weird, melancholy song in some barbaric words was chanted in my ears, and then in a mirror opposite, shadowy, faint, and dim indeed, but still unmistakably there, was the reflection of a woman with a beautiful, sorrow-stricken face, clad in a long white robe, clasped at the throat and waist with massive brooches of gold, and threading with her fingers her rippling waves of golden hair.

I could neither move nor open my lips to cry out, but sat there petrified, when suddenly the weird crooning ceased and a smell as of burning incense filled the room.

At the same moment my patient awoke and caught my arm in an ecstasy of terror; but I hastily loosened her grasp.

"Do not stir," I whispered; "it is a trick, and I am going to expose it."

Without waiting for her to answer, I left the room, and ran at the top of my speed along the corridor to her aunt's room, which had been at my request pointed out to me.

The room was empty, as I expected.

As I had also imagined, a sliding door in the back of a small closet, the door of which stood open, pointed the way to a hidden passage.

Turning down the lamp till it but made the darkness visible, I hastily seized a sheet from the bed, and, wrapping it about me, stood with outstretched arm directly opposite the door of the closet with sliding panel.

Scarcely had I taken my position when, still arrayed in the robe of the Lady Elfrida she reached the panel, and was just passing into the room, when she caught sight of me.

No sooner had she done so, however, than, throwing up her arms with a shriek of the utmost terror, she fell in convulsions to the floor.

Then the full folly of what I had done rushed upon me with overpowering conviction, and for weeks I was almost distracted with remorse as, in the delirium of brain fever, she hung between life and death.

At length, however, she recovered, and left the house never to return.

The means she had employed were very simple.

The concealed passage explained it all, for at the end of it, which opened into her niece's boudoir, with the picture which hid the spring pushed aside, the form of her figure was reflected in the mirror, while the churchyard odors and the incense scarcely need an explanation.

As I have said, the means employed were very simple, yet the result was certainly startling.

My patient is now a happy wife and mother and can afford to laugh over the remembrance of the spurious death warning, which, acting on an over excited imagination, was at the time so nearly fatally prophetic.

THE UNHALLOWED HAND.—In the border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of small children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed," blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite they were devoted to continue the family feud or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, for in an old history we are told, "In some corner of the land they used a sinful superstition, leaving the right arm of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it,) to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."

Painted belts are to be.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW mode of dress which, although it has found many devotees, is not likely to become very general, is that of red shoes, made of Russia leather, and with red heels. These shoes are worn with the fanciful and semi-historic costumes which are now general, some are laced, others have large buckles, others again have a small gold buckle put in the centre of a bow at the side. Wooden sabots made of ebony or mahogony, with the monogram in silver, are worn or Russian shoes of undressed leather.

A pretty style of fichu consists of white blonde, the ends crossed on the left shoulder under a bow of red satin, and the edges trimmed with a frill of white lace.

For evening wear a handsome costume is of India muslin and mauve faille; the skirt of faille is entirely pleated in front, and the back, plain in the upper part, is terminated with two pleatings of muslin. The tunic of Princess form opens on a gilet of garnet-colored satin; and has rounded fronts, which form two paniers at the side. The sleeves have parements to correspond in style.

Short waists are most likely to be soon in general favor. Some of the Winter styles are still shirred, and have long points back and front; but waists with broad belts are also to be seen, this being the first step toward short waists. In addition to these waists, habits are now in greater demand than ever. They are much more elegant than jackets, and are not likely to become as common. The habit worn at present is made of the richest materials, and has corresponding trimmings. Velvet is a favorite material for this purpose, and is worked in the most beautiful, delicate shades of silk. Beads and elegant gallons are the favorite trimmings. Many habits are seen in Paris covered with gold and lined with satin, like noblemen's coats in the olden time.

The charm of Autumn expositions consists mostly in the bonnet materials and the early imported models. It is difficult to describe them accurately without the aid of color to bring them before the eye, as the contrasts used are so strange, yet so picturesque. There seems to be no gradation in size. The shapes are either large or small. The Carmen maintains its position among the large bonnets, as well as the poke and cabriolet, and the Directoire. The large Babagas bonnet is also revived; this surrounds the face like a halo, especially when it is lined with yellow satin shirred in rays. The small bonnets take the capote shape, and again there are some yet unnamed with just the semblance of a front, but making up for this deficiency by possessing a large square crown. English turbans, the becoming Devonshire, the Derby and many picturesque models are shown among the new importations.

The felt and silk beaver bonnets and hats receive the first attention for early Autumn wear; and there is a new addition in the felts in the brim, called "brush brim." The nap of felt is simply brushed the wrong way. Silk beaver hats are shown in yellowish grey and in black. Among the new trimmings the croquele velvet is conspicuous. This resembles the famous croquele Chinese pottery, the pile being creased or flattened down in odd, irregular lines. This will be used more for trimmings and crowns to bonnets, and also for dresses. Ribbons are very wide, and come in chameleon or changeable colors. Ottoman ribbons sometimes have a satin stripe running through the centre; these have a very heavy rep. Then there are satin-striped ribbons, and plain twilled or heavy gros grain in all the new shades.

Birds and feathers take the place of flowers. Some of the birds are nearly as large as pigeons, and, stretched across a bonnet, look painfully natural, with bill apart, perfectly imitated eyes, and outstretched legs and claws. Here and there poises a Chinese kingfisher, a brilliant East Indian coronocoron, the purple red of the tanager, or the glint of the large lophodore. Tiny humming birds are set in clusters, or large birds perch on the front of a hat with outspread wings of flame color. In addition to the natural birds, thousands of little homely grey birds are sacrificed and dyed scarlet. Then, again, small parrots of gaudy crimson and green plumage, clinging to a little branch with strong claws, mingle with the velvet and satin trimmings.

One of the grey brush brim felt bonnets is trimmed with soft twilled grey silk and curled shaded ostrich feathers, and a lophodore is perched upon the side. The strings are very large and wide, being made of doubled bias twilled silk, with a narrow pleating of Breton lace on the ends. A croquele ruby velvet capote has a bordering of gold cord edging on richly beaded galloon. A large tropical bird is perched in the middle of the front, its long, sweeping tail floating far back on the right toward the back. The inside of the brim is lined with old gold shirred satin, and the long Ottoman ribbon strings are to be tied under the left ear. There is a top bow of narrow ruby ribbon.

Red Bonnets.—The fashionable red bonnet of last season will be revived again of the new red called Amaranth. Broad bands of feathers take the place of the Alsatian bow. These are made of the iridescent feathers of humming birds so exquisitely arranged as to create the impression of scarlet and blue flowers surrounded by shaded green, brown, and autumn-hued foliage. Others are made of tiny dark feathers laid flat on, while upon the band are set three nosts of humming birds, rosette shaped, with brilliant heads grouped together, the tails forming a ring in fan shapes. There are other bands made of the gorgeous feathers of parrots, redbreasts and kingfishers. So perfect is the taste shown in these gay bonnets and their trimming, that the simplest of them is the result of a week's careful study. Where there are two or three distinct colors in a bonnet the plumes are shaded to correspond. A red-brown felt bonnet has a crown covered with copper-colored spangles placed in points toward the centre, alternating with points of bronze beads. Jet is largely imported, and there are jet crowns for bonnets made of net embroidered with jet laid over satin.

The absence of face trimming is noticeable, all brims being simply lined with plain or shirred satin or velvet, mostly edged with gold braid. Some of the strings of Indian blue or dusky olive twilled silk have stripes down the centre of brilliant cashmere ribbon, and are finished on the ends with pleatings of point d'esprit. A Marie Stuart bonnet of the close shape has a new soft crown of Japanese blue crackle velvet; the front is satin closely shirred, and a superb merle bronze—a blue and black Brazilian bird—is perched on the side. The brim is edged with a narrow galloon of cashmere beads and lined with yellow shirred satin. A bonnet of the modified Carmen shape has a crown made of the gorgeous breast feathers of some tropical bird; the front is Maroon velvet embroidered around the edge in a floral pattern with beads suiting the colors of the feathers. A similarly shaded ostrich plume droops around one side, held by a parrot's head and breast; the broad twilled satin strings are fastened at the sides by little clasps of iridescent steel. A black bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers edged with dull, oval beads, and trimmed with a blackbird resting on a cluster of feather tips. The strings are wide black lace trimmed on one side with black crimped fringe.

Fireside Chat.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

AN exhibition of dolls' houses and dolls' furniture, which I attended a few months ago, set me thinking what a number of trifles can be made by ingenious fingers out of mere odds and ends of apparently no value whatever. The things I saw were the work of quite puny folks, and were distributed among the hospitals where there were children as patients.

Old cotton reels proved a mine of wealth strung on wire; very pretty toy ottomans were made of them, the seats made with cardboard and stuffed, and single seats by simply putting each reel in a chintz bag, with a little wadding at the top, and a piece of ribbon tied in the centre. A cigar box, set on end, varnished, and fitted in with shelves, was transformed into a wardrobe, and without shelves, merely with largish dress hooks, fastened round with small tacks, made hanging wardrobes. A sardine box, cut in half, and bent into shape, made a doll's fender. Toy tambourins to attach to dolls dressed as gipsies, &c., were made out of the lids of pill boxes, the cardboard being replaced by parchment and small gilt spangles let into the edge at intervals, a tuft of colored ribbons on either side. A pill box cut down a little and a brim of black paper added, made sailor hats, either for sailor dolls or with a silk bag inside, and so intended to contain sweetmeats.

The merry harlequin of fowls were dressed as sailors, nurses, &c. The head is made of wool and sealing wax covered with white calico, which should be slightly painted for the face. The two bones make the legs, the upper portion being stuffed for the bodies. And the shell of a lobster can be turned to very good account, especially if converted into the semblance of college dons. Two of the lobster's legs make the man's legs, and must be fastened to a square piece of wood for a stand; the outer shell of the body must be placed upright and stuffed, the stuffing covered in the front with black velvet made to look as much like a waistcoat as can be, with a row of steel beads down the front for buttons. Two more legs make arms, a piece of newspaper placed in them keeps up the delusion. The pincer ends of the claws, with tiny spectacles across them, and a college cap, poised on the top, forms the head piece. Sometimes, however, a piece of colored candle is moulded into a capital face, with beads for eyes, and morsels of frisette for whiskers, hair and moustaches. An academic robe depends from where the shoulders should be.

Round strawberry baskets can be covered either with chintz or with muslin over pink or blue calico, and fitted up as a complete baby's doll wardrobe, the small china dolls dressed as a baby occupying the centre, and white frocks and under linen, hood, cloak, sponge (in sponge bag), and all the etceteras of baby's toilette, filling the several pockets. One of the common mustard boxes, on end with two shelves at equal distances, makes a good doll's house. The nursery at the top the drawing-room below, and the kitchen under that. Paper the walls, carpet the floors, and then proceed to furnish. Sozodite powder boxes, converted into beds, have been often explained; the depth of the box is cut down to half, the lid is sewn edgeways to the top and widened a little for the overhanging portion, and then the whole is covered with chintz and furnished with bed, pillows, sheets, and blankets. Round biscuit tins, with virgin cork gummed on to them, and French moss, the roof made of a pointed extinguisher shape, and the whole set on green baize, make, I can assure you, very pretty rural looking towers; and old steel pen nibs placed round the edge represent most admirable paling, the mystery of which will not solve in a minute. Old gun cartridges covered with silk, make good stands for pencils on a writing table, the brass end resting on the table, or with this cut off and the length divided in two, they can be made into lady's muffs, sometimes arranged to hold sweetmeats with a bag at one end, a piece of plush or fur covering the centre. Fir cones painted to pieces will make dolls' summer houses on cardboard foundations, and a great many other things in fact, shown at the Exhibition to which I allude at the beginning of this paper. A little picture of a scene in Siberia trees huts, &c., had been carried out completely with cottonwood and fir cones. But I think I have said enough to show you how much a little well expended ingenuity will do with but poor materials, and I would suggest that a lady's tool box, and a few instructions how to use the several tools, would be a suitable present for many young girls, there is nothing which proves so useful in after life as the power of turning one's hand to everything.

Cigar Box Screens, &c.—The uses to which empty cigar boxes may be applied appear to be almost limitless, but one which we have recently learned is, we believe, entirely novel. By taking them apart, washing off the paper, and well oiling, we have four panels, which can be made into a pretty little lamp screen, the wood being susceptible of a high polish, and possessing rich tints of color. First saw one-fourth of the length into a pointed top, curving it gracefully to the centre, then give two coats of copal varnish. Dry thoroughly, and rub quite smooth with powdered pumice-stone and a wet cloth, rinse clean, dry, and again varnish. Repeat this until the surface is hard, perfectly solid, and smooth as glass. Make four holes in the two central panels and two in those at each end—one just below the commencement of the point, the other the same distance from the bottom; through these the ribbons are passed which hold the panels together. Next take some black glazed paper—plain gold—and a small piece of black velvet; arrange a centre-piece, an ornamental figure for the pointed top, and a border for the base, using some simple geometrical designs, with centres of the velvet, and the finer lines of the paper, or silhouette pictures answer well; but a still more artistic mode of ornamentation is by means of black enamel paint and gold bronze. Mark out the designs with a lead pencil, then paint in the lighter parts with a very fine camel's hair brush and thin black enamel, made by dissolving black sealing wax in hot alcohol; next fill in the heavier parts, and when all the black is applied, touch conspicuous parts with varnish, and, while sticky, apply gold and colored bronze powders.

The effect of this class of embellishment is very satisfactory, and anyone who can draw a geometrical design, however simple, will be able to make a beautiful finish.

After finishing all the panels, they must be united with ribbons passed through the holes and tied in bows. Cigar boxes finished in this manner also make convenient toilet sets, such as glove or handkerchief cases, wall pockets, and paper racks.

Cork work is another embellishment adapted to the manipulation of delicate fingers. It is suitable for decorating articles made of wood, such as boxes, cases, etagers, baskets, &c., as well as those things fashioned from cigar boxes. The cork must be as close and solid as possible, and shaven into slices as thin as paper; according to the size of the slices or the design to be applied, this may be cut in one or many pieces. Arrange a design, say of a spray of convolvulus and leaves, which transfer from the paper to the cork by pricking the outlines on the paper, then placing on the cork, and pouncing with a little colored powder in a thin bag, which, when the paper is lifted, will leave the design in minute dots upon the cork, and can easily be traced out with a hard pencil; or the cork may be held against the design on a window-pane, when it will show through plainly. Then with small sharp scissors cut out every part—the tiniest stems and tendrils, leaves and sprays. Next cover the rough side of the cork with gum-arabic, and carefully place it on the wood, pressing it down evenly and placing a weight upon it, taking heed not to get it awry but giving all the graceful curves; then take Indian ink and a very fine brush, and make veins, &c., also touch up with sepia brown and ivory white. Finally, dry well, and give two coats of copal varnish. A monogram entwined with delicate sprays looks well in this work.

How to Clean Decanters and Water Bottles—I have used many things—sometimes a raw potato chopped up, or tea leaves or so in; but since I tried vinegar and salt I have never used anything else. Have a certain day for decanters and water bottles being cleaned in the pantry. Fill a pint jug with common brown vinegar, and put into it two large tablespoonfuls of salt; this will clean three decanters, a claret jug, and two water bottles. Divide the mixture among these—it does not require much in each—put the flat of your hand on the top of the bottle, and shake the vinegar well up to the mouth over and over again. After shaking each bottle, still leave the vinegar to stand in them until you have done them all. Then begin with the first again, and after another shaking empty the vinegar into the jug again, and when you have emptied them all, the jug of vinegar and salt will clean sinks—i. e., lead sinks—and cleanse verdigris away from taps. Now have a tub with very strong soda and water for the outsides, and put each bottle in and wash it well outside, and then pour warm water without soda inside two or three times, and then finish off both outside and inside with cold water. Now dry them thoroughly with clean glass cloths, and polish them with a washleather; then reverse them in a bottle drainer, and put it before a fire. Vinegar and salt should be used each week to every bedroom water bottle, and before the housemaid begins to clean out a bedroom she should put vinegar and salt into the water bottles, and leave it to stand in them while she does other things. Vinegar and salt are the best things for cleaning the inside of jugs, especially hot-water jugs.

How to Wash Glass.—Never use soap to glass. Wash all wine glasses and tumblers in hot water and soda, and rinse in cold water. Soap is necessary for ground glass. You should wash ground glass globes or any ground glass in a lather of soap and water and soda with a brush, and rinse in cold water; and dry them immediately out of the cold water; do not let them drain. Ground glass is very apt to get a black look from exposure, and therefore all ground glass, such as ice plates, for instance, that are not in daily use, should each be wrapped up in soft paper, so that it may keep its color. If ground glass has become discolored, the following directions will cure it: Wash the glass in soap and water, and then pour a small quantity of spirits of salts into a saucer, dip a sponge or rag into it, and wash over the glass; then plunge it into cold water and then into hot water; dry it.

How to Clean Marble Mantelpieces.—There is nothing more unsightly than greasy marble, and all the washing with more soap and water will never keep it nice. This especially applies to washing stands with marble tops. Once a week wash the tops with a soapy flannel, dipped in powdered whitening, and wash it well off. This effectually cleanses it, and sometimes you may add a little silver sand or Bath brick. Twice a year smear over and leave for at least twenty four hours all marble mantelpieces washing stands, and consoles the following mixture: 1lb soda, 2lb whiting, 2oz potash (crushed), 1lb yellow soap (scraped). Boil the soda and soap together first then add the whiting and potash. Boil all together with enough water to make it into a thick paste and stir constantly. Put it into a jar. When cold lay it over the marble, and leave it for twenty four hours and then wash it off with hot water and soap. As it burns the hand an old iron spoon is the best thing to use to lay it on with. Do not keep it in the house; make it when you want it and then throw away any remaining as it loses its penetrating and burning mixture; but quite restores discolored marble. The potash is a kind that you get at an oil shop, not at a druggist.

AS A LIGHT MILD NEVER-SKIP aperient to the most delicate digestive organs the famous preparations of Walter Baker & Co. are recommended to invalids and convalescents as well as to those in full health.

Answers to Inquirers.

A. O. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not know. See reply to Simon.

CARNIE, (Toughkenamon, Pa.)—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, contains nearly three thousand acres.

JENNY, (Macon, Miss.)—The meaning of the words inscribed on the seat is, "I scorn either to change or to fear."

DUMLOTT, (San Jose, Cal.)—The phrase, "the garb of old Gaul"—it should be, of old Gael—alludes to the kilt of Scotland.

W. M. CRAIG, (Surry, N. C.)—The president of the ball acted with perfect etiquette in both of the instances mentioned.

HENRY L. (Barbour, W. Va.)—It is the Spanish and not the Mexican coin which bears the Pillars of Hercules on its obverse.

SISTERS, (Kansas Utah.)—Black net, trimmed with black satin, would be a suitable dress for the married lady, and white barege or muslin delaine for the young unmarried lady.

SIMON, (New York, N. Y.)—If a man has property insured to the amount of $5 000 in different companies, and he loses by fire the value of $4 000, he simply gets the value of the property that is actually destroyed.

SANACLE, (Piscataquis, Me.)—The "Circumlocution Office" is the name bestowed on a government office where business is ingeniously and elaborately delayed, by Charles Dickens, in his novel of "Little Dorrit."

JENNY, (Boston, Mass.)—The name of Rhode Island was adopted in 1671, from the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, because of the fancied resemblance to that island. Massachusetts is an Indian name signifying "the country about the hills."

WOODHULL, (Shiawassee Co., Mich.)—We know nothing of the concern but suppose that it is reliable, as the books they offer are by no means a bargain at the price asked. They can be procured for as little or even less at any first class bookstore.

KELLY BLY, (Orleans, N. Y.)—It probably proceeds from want of exercise. If it is not accompanied by any difficulty in breathing, nor by palpitation of the heart after a quick run up and down stairs. Moderate diet and exercise are the simplest remedies.

SAXON, (Campbell, Ky.)—It is clear, by the use of 1000 in Arabic numerals to denote the date, that it is a token, and not a coin, Arabic numerals having been first used in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and copper coinage first introduced two centuries later.

READER, (Washington, Pa.)—The dissolution of monasteries, in England, in 1535, was to the value of £361,000 per annum, by which 50,000 religious were maintained, equal now to [illegible]. There were 645 monasteries, 5 colleges, 374 chaperies, and 110 hospitals.

SARPTA, (Auburn, Mich.)—The meaning of the brass eagle on lecterns, or bookstands, in some churches is that the eagle is symbolical of St. John. That bird faces the sun with unbleaching eyes, so St. John, the Prince of Evangelists soars to contemplate the great mystery of Christ's Divinity.

QUIRANO, (Madison La.)—Better speak out boldly at once and, if you love each other, marry. It would be wrong to let the other engagement proceed under the circumstances—wrong to the intended husband, who would be deceived. A little trouble now will spare perhaps great sorrow in the future.

GEORGIA AND DONNA, (New Philadelphia, O.)—If the hour is not too late she should invite the young man in. If it should happen to be far beyond the usual visiting [illegible] in leaving it to hang on [illegible] account of the lateness. This, we believe, is the rule generally followed in such cases.

T. R. (Walker, Ala.)—The voice will most probably acquire strength as you grow older; but some voices always remain weak. It is useless to attempt any remedy at present. As for lisping you may accomplish a cure by frequent recitations, made very deliberately and with a strong endeavor to accentuate every syllable precisely and clearly.

ESTELLA, (Putnam, O.)—The following is a very good perfume for the hair. One half ounce vinegar of ammonia, one ounce of oil of lavender and one ounce rose water. Washing with cocoanut soap or warm water will produce whiteness of the hands. [illegible] for the same purpose. Gloves should be worn in the open air.

ANNIE, (Kane, Ill.)—The husband is the head of the wife, and it is her duty to "love, honor and obey" him. Wives who mistake their position so grievously deserve to be "in trouble." Return and make loyal submission to, and common cause with, your husband in the service of life. That is the path of duty, and the only one that will lead to happiness.

TWELVE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Golden hair powder was first used by the [illegible] who admired the blue eyes, rosy cheeks and flaxen hair of the [illegible] race. The Prince of Wales's [illegible] given during the [illegible] in Washington, Tuesday, in the year 1859, revived the fashion. It is now chiefly confined to those of the drama's profession.

PUZZLED, (Troy, N. Y.)—The base of your fountain is stained brown with the action of wet clay and river grit or sand. [illegible] and [illegible] it covers a [illegible] of the [illegible] very much, allowing the points of the pencils to reach the [illegible] of the water. A few good [illegible] will be sufficient, with half a [illegible] fish as scavengers. Feed the fish with small worms.

BLITZ, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Androides, to perform human actions, have been made in all ages. Bacon made one to speak and Albertus Magnus spent nearly thirty years in making another. The writing Androides is merely a machine worked by [illegible] concealed out of sight. So also the automaton chess player and the invisible girl, but they are in general constructed of wheel-work. Vaucanson, in this way, made a flute player; Kempelen, the chess player and speaking figure.

J. W. (Barren Hill, Pa.)—Arsenical is a most dangerous remedy for [illegible] purpose [illegible] be used. It should [illegible] be employed except when specially prescribed by a medical man in a particular case. The effects of [illegible] are not to be trusted. In safe hands it will do no good. The best way to avoid the unsightly [illegible] is to get [illegible] good working health before [illegible] and to wear a flannel around the abdomen. The brain is so affected through the eyes, avoid [illegible] glare, [illegible] rising with [illegible] for example, the deck of the vessel, etc.

NOTE, (Nashville, Tenn.)—The following may possibly explain your trouble. When a fire [illegible] a stove or grate, the air in the chimney [illegible] becomes heated by the fire and [illegible] lighter than the [illegible] air without, and consequently ascends. Thus [illegible] and [illegible] a draft in the chimney, which is merely the upward current of air produced [illegible] the [illegible] air [illegible] in the room. When a grate or stove has remained for some time without having a fire in it, the chimney grate and [illegible] are cold, and when the fire is lit it does not [illegible] that [illegible] produce a current necessary for the [illegible] so the smoke will not ascend it issues into the apartment.

[illegible], (Kansas, Kans.)—The Darwinian theory of [illegible] offers no obstacle, but is, on the [illegible] in accordance with it. The perfect animal man has been [illegible] by [illegible] animal kingdom. He is the perfect animal combining [illegible] of the [illegible] animals, and therefore we find a [illegible] in the [illegible]. When man, with his mental [illegible] appears on the scene a [illegible] trial, and [illegible] per [illegible] in the [illegible] are necessary for his use. These are [illegible] provided, and he [illegible] rank of leap in progress to [illegible]. The Darwinian theory takes [illegible] the face of the existing link harmonizes [illegible] with the new [illegible] and development propounded in the sacred Scriptures.

H. T. B. (Wisconsin, Ind.)—You are not singular in your dislike to poetry, for we know many, if we may so express it, [illegible] who have not [illegible] perception sufficient [illegible] and [illegible] are hard and [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] persons, [illegible] we [illegible] real and [illegible] not to [illegible] at [illegible] are dead to the beauty seeming [illegible] at last feel [illegible] would [illegible] than they could [illegible] [illegible] such [illegible] are the practical [illegible] they are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

BY C. D.

GEOFFREY and Winifred Melville were the children of a surgeon living within a short distance of one of our large sea port towns, and their home was a handsome residence standing on some rising ground near the sea.

But these two were not the only members of Mr. Melville's family. He had a daughter, four years older than Geoffrey (who had just passed his twelfth birthday), and also another little son, Percy, considerably younger than Winifred.

Geoffrey and Winifred being the nearest together in age, were excellent companions, and Mr Melville's Hector, a splendid Newfoundland dog, of a size and height rarely seen, was their constant playfellow.

One day, when the heat was somewhat over, the two children sallied forth for a trip along the sea shore accompanied by their elder sister, Agatha, whom they had coaxed to come and help them to hunt for sea-anemones, and their younger brother Percy. Hector, the dog, was along, and was one of the gayest of the number.

They hastened on until they reached the spot where Winifred had espied anemones once before The tide was going down, and the small rocks were left comparatively dry, so that they could easily clamber amongst them by jumping over the little pools at their base.

"Look here, Percy!" exclaimed Agatha, "this is a beautiful pool to sail your ship in. It is so large that there is room for her to make a long voyage by going round it. But you must take care she does not strike upon a rock and get wrecked "

"Oh yes," replied the child, "this is a beautiful little sea. You'll stay and help me, Aggie, won t you?"

"Yes, dear, for a little while I will," answered his sister. "I will launch her safely for you, and then I must go to help Geoffrey and Winnie get the anemones, as I promised "

The little vessel was soon floating charmingly on the pool, to Percy s intense delight, who became so engrossed with his new toy as he guided it over the water that he was quite content to be left to amuse himself after his own fashion

The anemone hunters wandered from rock to rock, finding many good specimens of those wonderful sea flowers and had gone some distance when they were startled by hearing piercing shrieks, followed by a muffled cry then all was still again For an instant the children stood in terrified silence when Agatha—her eyes dilating with horror and remorse at having left her little brother alone—screamed aloud, 'Percy, Percy! what is the matter? We're coming, darling; don t be frightened!'

It did not take long to return to where they had left him but to their horror Percy was not to be seen.

"Oh, I wish I had not left him!" murmured Agatha, her face white with terror. Then again she repeated in her loudest tones the reassuring words, "I m coming darling! I m coming—where are you?'

But no answer was returned.

"I will run into the house to see if he is there," said Geoffrey, "while you two girls stay and look about here "

But just as the boy turned to carry out his purpose, a loud scream from Winifred arrested his steps In a moment Geoffrey was at her side, as she stood pointing out to sea exclaiming, 'He s drowned! I see his frock Oh! what shall we do? Agatha, Agatha!' she shrieked as she saw her sister returning from her search in an opposite direction—'look look! he s there!"

It was true There floated the body of the poor little boy—far out of their reach; while nearer in shore lay his beloved boat, keel upwards For a moment the sisters gazed in helpless agony, but Geoffrey without speaking stripped off his jacket and was in the the act of plunging into the water, in the hope of saving his brother, when Agatha said quietly, 'No, Geoffrey, two boys must not be lost in one day You cannot swim—it is madness to try Run home dear, for help Richard and Thomas can both swim Tell them to come instantly. Do not let mamma see you—we must break it to her gently."

Just as the boy was starting off to obey his sister's mandate, Hector, who had been amusing himself at some distance, where the cries of the child could not reach him came bounding towards them, and at the moment he appeared the same idea seemed to dart into the mind of each of the terror stricken party. Hector could swim, they well knew, and having often heard that the Newfoundland dog is especially clever in saving human beings from a watery grave, with one accord they seized upon him as their greatest friend in need Geoffrey, whom the dog was most accustomed to obey, showed to him the distant object in the water, easily making the intelligent creature comprehend what was expected of him.

"Hie on, boy!" he exclaimed—"hie out Go find him. Fetch him out! Good dog! Find him, find him!"

Hector looked up into his young master's face for a moment, wagged his tail to express his willing obedience, and then plunged into the sea in pursuit of the child; but just as the dog came within reach of the body, it sank, and disappeared from their sight

They are gone! Both dog and child have disappeared. No! there is the noble black head above water again, now turned facing the shore. Is he alone? He seems to labor as he swims. Has he anything in his mouth? Yes, yes. Oh, joy unspeakable! he has got the clothes of the lost one gripped in his powerful jaws.

The children held their breath; they dared not speak lest the dog should loose his hold. Slowly he came nearer and nearer, appearing to labor more and more with his burden, until within a hundred yards of the shore; when Geoffrey perceiving the little flaxen head supported above the water, rushed into the surf, calling to the dog, and urging him with cheering loving words and gestures, to put out all his strength for the final effort The intelligent creature perfectly understood his young master s meaning, and swam towards him with redoubled eagerness. At last he reached the shallow water, then struggled wearily on, and dropping his lifeless burden on the shingle, he shook the water from his coat and threw himself down upon the beach, panting and exhausted.

Agatha fell on her knees beside the body of her darling brother, offering up a silent prayer of thankfulness; but as she looked upon the little face, so white and still, and touched the cold and lifeless limbs, her heart sank in dread lest he might be restored to them too late. She hastily rose, and bidding Geoffrey run home for assistance, she raised the child in her arms, and pressing the saturated little form convulsively to her bosom, she hastened on, followed by Winifred and Hector

Before they had reached the garden gate, they were met by Mrs. Melville and the nurse, who, on hearing of the accident, had hurried out in the greatest distress, while Geoffrey was sent off in search of his father. Fortunately, Mr. Melville was in attendance upon a patient at no great distance, and ere long he, too, was at Percy's side, and using his greatest skill in endeavoring to bring the life back again into the senseless body of his beloved child.

Some time elapsed before Percy recovered from the effects of his immersion; and the accident and its consequences were never forgotten by either of the children, while it rendered them more thoughtful and considerate for others, and less self engrossed in their amusements.

As to Hector, he became a greater pet than ever, being caressed and loved to his heart s content He was rewarded with a new brass collar, upon which was engraved a short account of his valor and obedience in the rescue of the child The dog was now a celebrated character, being known and respected for miles around He received a hearty welcome wherever he went, with the addition of many a delicious morsel of tempting bone He seemed to consider Percy to be under his own especial charge for the future, and the little fellow scarcely ever went outside the house that the faithful Hector was not by his side.

THE INVENTOR OF GAS LIGHTING.—The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman Philippe le Bon an engineer of roads and bridges, who in 1778 adopted the idea of using for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until 1799 that he confided his discovery to the institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 published a memoirs, containing the result of his researches Le Bon commenced by distilling wood in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch and pyroligneous acid, but his work indicated the possibility of his obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances From 1799 to 1803 Le Bon made numerous experiments He established at Havre his first gas lamps, but the gas which he obtained being a mixture of carbureted hydrogen and oxide of carbon, but imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light and evolved an insupportable odor and the result was that but little favor was shown to the new discovery The inventor died, ruined by his experiments The English soon put in practice the crude ideas of Le Bon. In 1804 one Winsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas In 1805 several shops in Birmingham were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdock Among those who first used this new light was James Watt. In 1816 the first use of gas was made in London, and it was not until 1819 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France

---

One of the latest attractions in evangelism is a "converted banjo player." When a converted person brings his regenerated banjo to the aid of his evangelism, and sings to its music a number of more or less songs which he says the Holy Ghost told him to make.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

A. D. 1900

TOWHEAD.

Say, youngsters! let a fellow in,
I know I'm old and blind;
I shan't disturb you, I'm again
Intruding where I find
I'm in the way—O, no! I vow
I've only come to call;
I need to be a puzzler. How?
You think I'm talking small?
I can't recall, 'twas years ago,
Seems I was quite a lad;
My hair is white, 'twas then like tow,
The memory makes me sad;
Way down in Maine we used to meet,
"Witch Knots" I think we named,
The place we thought could not be beat.
Nor could it. I'll be blamed!
Yes, Ruthven was our leader then,
You must have heard of read
How much the Boys regretted when
Old Bailey up and said,
We couldn't come—and shut the door,
So "Witch-Knots" had to go;
Almost three thousand was the score.
I think I ought to know.
I started in quite near the helm,
Beau K. was there and Crip.
Old Joe alias W. M.,
I found aboard the ship.
And now I mind me Richard III.,
Glendale, E. T. and Sphinx,
Icicle, Endicott and Bird,
Were then outwinding Kinks.
Jam, Dodger, Jim Jam, P. T. J.,
Dan Rockley, B. B. F.,
Humbug, Ben, Traddles, E. F. E.,
Kin Kinz, Brant and Tom G.
Poor Crip he went the first of all
Beneath the waveless sea,
And others since have heard the call—
They've all passed in but me!
Suppose you think we did not know
Much of the Mystic Art;
I wont dispute it, have it so—
And yet we did our part
I know you smile, but don't despise
The work we did of old,
You quite forget as I surmise—
In fact I've been so told—
That we old codgers formed and framed,
The puzzles you're inditin',
There's nothing that you found or named
But we first let daylight in.
And while you occupy the Chair,
Of which you're only renters,
Just credit us a little share—
We were the sole inventors'

No. 395. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

No. 396.
NOEL
OGRE
ERGO
LEON

No. 397 SCRAPPITO.

No. 398.
D
PED
PECAN
DECORUM
DARER
NUR
M

No. 399. DRAGON.

No. 400.
FESTAL
ESCAPE
SCORIA
TARRED
APICE
LEADER

No. 401. VENI, VIDI, VICI.

No. 402.
P
PAN
ROVER
FORAMEN
PARADISEA
REMIPED
REBET
NED
A

No. 403. NEPHEW

No. 404.
TARASCO
AVENERS
RETIMES
ANILINE
REMINAL
CRENATE
OBSELET

No. 405. WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY

No. 406.
A
PUR
SUTTER
STROMAS
FORECASTS
ATTOCARPIAN
REMARKING
RASPING
STING
RAG
N

No. 407 NUMERICAL

The WHOLE is a village of Hungary.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is a town of Hungary.
The 1, 2, 4, 5 is a Hebrew month.
The 2, 4, 5, 6 is a ruined town of Asiatic Turkey
The 4, 5, 6, 7 is a river in Armenia.

New Haven, Conn. O. Possum.

No. 408. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Across:—1. An obstruction. 2. A bailing. 3. A metal. 4. A period of time. 5. A game at marbles. 6. A goddess. 7. Turf.

Down:—1. A genus of plants. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. Restored.

Danbury Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 409. CHARADE.

FIRST of all is to die over;
NEXT to knock on, or knock over:
TOTAL gives to every nation
In deep water, a foundation.

New York City. EFFENDI.

No. 410. DIAMOND.

1. In gubernatorial. 2. By what means. 3. Abominated. 4. Containing plants. 5. Passes 6. An inseparable preposition. 7. In xanthic.

ENCLOSED SQUARE.

1. Devoured. 2. To color. 3. A stopping point.

Columbia, Tenn. Q PID.

No. 411. CROSS-WORD.

Not in join but combination,
Not in book but compilation,
Not in fall but dislocation,
Not in urge but exhortation,
Not in pass but commutation,
Not in look but exploration;
Now sugar, nutmeg and old Port,
Will make a drink for any "sport!"
(Although good, my reputation,
Few can speak my appelation.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY BOY.

No. 412. DIAGONAL SQUARE.

ACROSS:—1. Divined 2. Security. 3. Noting a measurement of volumes 4. A sea fowl. 5. A boat. 6. A genus of insects

DIAGONALS:—(Up from right to left.) 1. A letter. 2. A river of Italy. 3. An animal. 4. A minister. 5. Certain numbers. 6. A genus of crustaceans. 7. An island of the Indian Archipelago 8. The period of twelve hours. 9. To dwell upon. 10. A pronoun. 11. A letter.

Columbus, Ohio. THE GENERAL.

No. 413. CHARADE

SECOND the FIRST, and as a COMPLETE
Have the door barred that leads to the street.

New York City. THE SAUCY MCQUILL.

No. 414. DIAMOND.

1. FIRST is a nick-name for a girl;
2. To drink in dainty style my SECOND;
3. The THIRD you use to sweep your room;
4. Frank wild oats sowed and FOURTH 'tis reckoned:
5. FIFTH is a plant that grows on trees,
6. SIXTH is a beast quite small, not sweet;
7. A shining body is my SEVENTH;
8. EIGHTH point made with a pen quite neat;
9. My NINTH of course a vowel small,
I hope you'll really find them all.

Evansville, Wis. T. TOTT.

No. 415. DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

In borough not in town;
In wrapper not in gown,
In cabin not in cot,
In drunkard not in sot
In reading down there will appear
The mass of foam on lager beer,
A second look, don't look forlorn,
An ornament by curates worn,
Together placed you have in view,
A fleet which I leave to you.

Norristown Pa. SLEEPY FELLOW

No. 416. SQUARE

1. A town in Yucatan 2. Difference between diagonal and side of a square 3. Concealed. 4. Imperfect. 5. A village in France. 6. A catkin 7. Became.

Sedalia, Mo. ED FAN.

No. 417 CHARADE

When FIRST went to the war,
To fight for fame and glory,
Against the Russian Czar,
Renowned in modern story,
NEXT never once demurred,
FIRST always seemed light-hearted,
My WHOLE I gave my THIRD
The morning he departed.

San Francisco, Cal. J. C. M.

No. 418. DIAMOND.

1. Insane. 2. An earthworm. 3. Forms. 4. Takes back. 5. Abuses. 6. Loose. 7. Conducting 8. Satisfying. 9. The point of an epigram. 10. To load. 11. Insane.

Sedalia, Mo. CAPT. CUTTER.

A NEW KIND NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of September 6th, were solved by Mrs. Nickleby, Percy Vere Gloucester, Dick, Hal Hazard, A. Solver, J. C. M. Waverly, Capt. Cuttle, Goose Quill, Hannah B. Gage, Aztec, Alexander O. K. O. L. A., A. Nimmy, O Possum, Nutmeg Effendi, Theron, Kos, Graham, Baron Nat A Torium, M. & L. Too, Gabmew, T Pott, Live Oak.

COMPLETE LISTS.—Mrs. Nickleby, Percy Vere, Gloucester, Dick, Hal Hazard, A. Solver, J. C. M.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Mrs Nickleby, - Philadelphia, Pa.
2. Percy Vere - San Francisco, Cal
3. Miss L. Too, - Evansville, Wis

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Theron—Double Acrostic. Waverly—Square. Mrs. Nickleby—Square, Charade and two Double Cross words. Gabmew—Charade and two Squares. Percy Vere—Square. Dick—Diamond. Ben. J. Min—Acrostic and Diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFENDI & CO—Miss L. Too presents her compliments to you as follows:

I saw him at the BAR,
He drank too deep by far.
I saw him take a NOW,
About a year ago.
I saw him in a HARROW,
My feelings he did harrow.

Your far-off friend GABMEW also chanteth

I think Effendi's no dear Dean
And yet he is no Owl,
I think I know what all three mean—
They tried to take us fowl
How hard they tried our minds to harrow
With such a subtle word as HARROW

TOWNSEND—When you sing of the "olden time" in your fanciful way you strike a chord that brings back sweet recollections of the days gone by, and though you call it 1900, it cannot fail to gladden the hearts of the Boys of '76.

NOTICE—Modern Sphinx is a "little late!" Printer absorbed in getting out Contents of his print. It will be all right the next soon as he can get in conjunction with a stuffed club.

MY LOVE LOVES ME.

BY E. C. S.

'Tis the last bright hour of a magic time,
The waking close of a summer dream;
I shall soon be far from the ocean chime,
From the sleeping hills and the voiceful stream.
And I ever have lingered, loth to part,
O sweetest of western vales from thee;
But I leave you now with a bounding heart,
For I know to-day that my love loves me!

From the cornfields glowing with August bloom,
From the sea's soft blue, from the wind-swept down,
I go to my lonely city room,
To the dust and din of the work-worn town.
But a gay farewell to the golden fields,
And a light adieu to the laughing sea!
All longing to linger passes, and yields
To the thrill of the thought that my love loves me.

So I cheerily turn me to work again,
Life runs in its daily round once more;
But the stress of thought and the sweat of brain
Have lost the hardness that erst they wore.
For with strange new glory the world is bright,
That never before was on land or sea;
And all things move in a mist of light,
For joy that I know that my love loves me.

I know by the touch of her tell-tale hand,
I read in the rose-blush bloom of her cheek
The lore that a lover can understand,
The wordless language that hearts can speak.
Yet I hunger to hear it in accents low,
And I look and long for the day to be,—
The golden day when I sure shall know
From her own true lips that my love loves me.

STRANGE INDUSTRIES.

THRIFT and hatred of waste are leading characteristics of the French workman; and, however small his wages, he invariably contrives to save out of them. Probably no more determined struggle for existence was ever shown than in the case of a well-known Paris character, Chapellier by name. Father Chapellier, as he was called, was in his young days a soldier, who had fought at Waterloo under Napoleon, and who, tired of the army, had obtained his discharge, and come to Paris, where he found that his military life stood him in very little service in procuring for him his daily bread. So he looked about him for the readiest trade which a man without money or friends could take up, and began his new life in the humble capacity of a mudlark, which in the days of old Paris was not an unsuccessful profession. Most of the streets, in those times, besides being excessively narrow, had a broad gutter running down the middle, into which disappeared not only the legitimate drainings and slops of the neighboring houses, but also articles of more or less value; and it was by fishing in these troubled waters that the ravageurs—as the Parisians nicknamed them—obtained spoils enough, in the shape of bits of old iron and brass, and occasionally coin, to get bread and cheese. In very wet weather, when the gutter became a deepish stream, they varied their occupation by carrying a block of wood, which, for a sou, was used as a rough and ready bridge for those who were afraid of wetting their feet.

The old soldier did not stick very long to the ravageur's trade, being ashamed lest his old comrades-in-arms should encounter him, and perhaps criticise his humble calling. He obviated this unpleasantness by getting a berth in the establishment of a large wholesale rag-picker. Now, as many of our readers know, a Paris rag-picker is a person of some importance, who may be seen nightly exercising his profession when other people are thinking of going to bed. Armed with a long-pronged stick, a lantern, and a basket on his shoulders, he rapidly makes his way by the side of the pavement, keeping a sharp lookout on every waif and stray, from rags upwards. Whatever he thinks worth preserving, he singles out with his prong, and tosses it into his basket with something of the action of a haymaker scattering a haystack. Property of considerable value has often come into the hands of the rag picker. The true rag picker confines himself to collecting; but there is a branch of the trade which sorts the collection, and these are called trilleurs. The wages of the trilleurs are the lowest, and the atmosphere in which the workers live is pestiferous, so it must be a wretched life.

For six months or so he worked on as a trilleur, until he was taken sick, and had to go to the hospital. This, however, was a turning point in his life, for in the next bed to him was a patient who had been in the employ of a large poultry rearer, and whose duty it was to feed the young fowls and pigeons, or rather to fatten them. In a moment of confidence he enlightened Chapellier as to how the thing was done—namely, by filling his mouth with grain and peas, opening the beak of the young birds, and blowing the feed down their œsophagus; a simple thing, but very monotonous and fatiguing when two or three hundred had to be fed in an hour. So by this means Chapellier earned about twenty cents a day. But his inquiring spirit soon came into play. Being constantly brought in contact not only with the poultry, but also with the poultry-buyers, he noticed a singular feature in the trade—that in cases where the latter did not sell the birds straight off, they were always obliged to reduce their price a quarter, or perhaps a third, for every day that they were unsold, though they might appear perfectly fresh to the uninitiated. But the cooks and the restaurant-keepers were not to be taken in by appearances; and Chapellier found out that an unfailing symptom of freshness, or rather want of it, lay in the appearance of the feet, which were black and brilliant at the time of killing, but acquired a gray tinge, more and more pronounced as time wore on. Turkeys' feet showed this peculiarity the most, and it set Chapellier thinking, the result of his cogitation being that he invented a paste which, when rubbed on the legs, brought back the original black gloss, and completely erased the tell-tale date of death. Having tried it with success, he went the round of the poulterers, who willingly promised him a small royalty for initiating them also; and as he was shrewd enough to keep his own secret, he soon found that the profession of "painter of poultry legs," apart from its questionable morality, was exceedingly lucrative. But Chapellier was ambitious, and finding the work increased beyond his powers of personally supervising it, he sold his secret to a friend for two hundred dollars; and with this little capital, set off to find pastures new.

Chapellier was in some doubt what he should do next, whether he should set up a wine-shop or an eating house; for his experience led him to believe that to cater for the stomach was the best passport to money making. First of all however, he inclined to the old trade of *chiffonnier*, and thought that if his old employer would take him into partnership, it might not be a bad speculation; and with this view he took his money with him and made his proposal. But he was considerably staggered when his former master scorned the offer, and declined any partner who could not introduce ten thousand dollars into the business. This only made Chapellier more determined than ever to have a hand in so good a thing; and while he was passing through the *trilleurs'* work-place, which he so well remembered, a bright idea struck him. He noticed what a large proportion of the *chiffonniers'* findings consisted of scraps of bread—all the stale leavings of cook-shops, schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, which were thrown away as valueless, and carried away amongst other rubbish by the *chiffonniers*. Chapellier knowing well the tastes and habits of the Parisian population, was aware that immense quantities of rabbits were made into stews by the working-classes of the barriers, and also that this stew was dressed and eaten with bread-crusts. He knew also that the rabbits themselves were largely fed upon bread-crumbs; and he therefore conceived the idea of collecting, sorting, cleaning, and re-baking these scraps; feeling sure that he could make a market out of them. So, off he went to the restaurants and the cooks of the public establishments in his quarter and actually offered to buy and pay ready money for what they had been throwing away; and this was a proposal to which the cooks, thinking what a fool he was, lent a ready ear. But Chapellier was not such a fool as they thought, for having obtained a quantity of bread-scraps at a nominal rate, he set to work to prepare them, and in a few days took his station in the market surrounded by little baskets, which he sold for three cents apiece. He was soon sold out, purchasers flocking to him not only for their convenience and cheapness, but also for the attractive and cleanly way in which he had got his crusts ready. So fast did his reputation increase, that he extended his negotiations to other parts of Paris, adding to his manufacture that of grated bread-crumbs, made ready for cooks to powder their cutlets with.

Within a very short time the business grew to such a size that he had in constant use six carts and horses to bring the piles of scraps to the factory, where some fifty men and women were occupied in sorting and cleaning. Young girls found employment in packing up the little baskets of prepared crusts and of the crisped bread squares, while to the children was given the duty of grinding to powder the scraps which were too far gone to be of use as an eatable, and which were carbonized in the oven, so as to be available for making charcoal tooth-powder. To the day of his retirement from business, which he eventually did with a fortune of six thousand dollars a year, the old soldier personally superintended, impressing on all that nothing was to be wasted.

Grains of Gold.

Life is a moment stolen from eternity.

Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

Improve thyself, then try to improve others.

Those who can keep secrets have no curiosity.

Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and washed.

The greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

Envy is punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors.

Politeness is the shadow of civilization. Christianity is the substance.

Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of wisdom.

By checking the flight of expectation, we cheat disappointment of its pain.

Beautiful are the admonitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.

It is much easier to know what men are in general, than to know any man in particular.

As ravenous birds are quickest sighted, so are the worst people the greatest fault-finders.

It is worth remembering that a little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happily.

Don't talk so much about what you can do, but go do it, and thus prove your statement.

It is a great world, and it would be childish to expect to have everything in it to suit ourselves.

No jest can be quite so bitter as that one which runs laughingly along the edge of an ugly truth.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try and prepare one's self to do without it.

We gain as much in avoiding the failings of others as we do in imitating that in which they excel.

We may not like all the company we meet with, but, if we are brought in contact with it, we must make the best of it.

Never permit the most resolute of curiosity, or the most friendly concern to find the lowest depth of your character.

Go your way and don't bother about your neighbors. A man never peeps through a keyhole without finding something to vex him.

When a man begins to think he is so great that moral laws are not made for him, he is probably going to the bad as fast as time can take him there.

Learning is either good or bad, according to him that has it—an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hands of a child.

The most hopeful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people; not how to better themselves, but how to satisfy themselves.

If thou canst not obtain a kindness which thou desirest, put a good face on, show no discontent nor surliness; as how may come when thy request may readily be granted.

The courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart. It is the pleasyne compliments which are the most appreciated; far more than the double ones which we sometimes pay.

Feminilities.

Two sisters, twins, have to be told everything together, because they are so exactly alike that they can't be told apart.

A young lady being asked if there were many beautiful women in the place, innocently replied, "Oh, no, there are only six of us at present."

A woman and her six children were smothered to death in their sleep in a room in Liverpool the other night, by the fumes from a coke fire.

A man dying recently in St. Louis left $1,000 to an individual who years before ran away with his wife. He said in the will that he never forgot a favor.

"I should have no objection to my wife's reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is apt to storm also."

Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

A little girl at Healey Falls Ontario, while straying around her father's farm came across a young bear, and mistaking it for a dog, tied a string around its neck and lugged it home.

In the London Board schools all female pupil teachers after the second year are required to teach cutting out, and all other branches of needlework, to the children under their charge.

A proper conclusion for the marriage ceremony in many of our fashionable "society" weddings would be: "What commercial interests have joined together, let not ill-temper put asunder."

In 1619 ninety young ladies were imported from England and sold in the colony of Virginia as wives, at one hundred pounds of tobacco each! This was the origin of many of the F. F. V.'s.

Miss Made-Up O'dgirl—"Yes I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—." Young Foodle—"When you—er—planted it?"

A young lady at a certain place in Wayne county asked the prayers of the congregation because she could not set eyes upon a certain young man in her neighborhood without feeling as though she must hug him to death.

Henry VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess of Milan; but her answer was, "She had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service."

"I must get married," said a bachelor to a married friend, "for I never can find a button on a clean shirt." "Take care," said the Benedict, with a sigh, "or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button.

Some wicked woman asserts that it was a great mistake that potato bugs weren't introduced into the garden of Eden, since their presence there would have kept Adam and Eve so busy that they wouldn't have had time to go around foraging for pippins.

A young woman of New Milford, cleaning house for a family, was called away to see her young man, who had come in from a neighboring town. She went away with him long enough to be married, and then returned to finish her work.

"Good night, sweet heart, good-night," sang a level-headed youth as he slammed the front gate and paced off down the street. Then he took out his handkerchief to rub the rouge off the tip end of his nose and wondered how much pearl powder was a pound when purchased in large quantities.

"Two souls with but a single thought" is a rapturous enough sentiment in love, but it takes on an element of misery to one soul, at least, when the girl is wrapped up in visions of a beautiful present and the young man is engrossed in perplexing speculations how to raise the money to purchase it.

A young lady of Shelbyville Ind., who is possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and is pretty besides, wants to marry a young mulatto railroad man about her own age, but the cruel laws of her State forbid miscegenation. The couple express a determination to marry, however, at all hazards.

In an out of the way country place in Hancock county, Ohio, lives a girl five years old who charms birds at will. Birds fly into her hands and upon her shoulders, showing signs of gladness. Even humming birds fly to her caresses. And all day long birds hover about her window. Her parents are ignorant and poor.

"Is there a letter here in a scented envelope for my wife?" he asked the postmaster, while the green fire from his eyes made the office look like a leafy forest. "Yes, sir," answered the P. M., as he handed it out. The jealous man tore it open at once, when, lo and behold! it was the milliner's bill for $50. The end.

Sable tails are to be the fashion this winter. Seeing so many tails about—perhaps hundreds to one set of trimming—gives rise to the horrible suspicion that the beautiful little animals may be served as professional rat killers serve the rats when paid by the tail, it being no object of theirs to destroy the market by killing the rat that may live to produce yet another tail. The fur of Russian sable is too expensive to be much seen. Calculating the number of tails in the market, what becomes of the bodies? That is a dark question. Calculating the other way, everybody, or rather live animal, ought on an average to produce 200 tails!

Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornments they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors; some never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or blush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by circumstances, they do not fail to express their true character, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

Facetiæ.

A fast horse—The one that is tied to a post.

Suspicious—A sausage-maker advertising his wares as "dog cheap."

A Dublin newspaper says: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

The game of poker is very old. Shakespeare says: "I'll call thee, Hamlet."

During the deluge Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife the ark angel.

A pleasant smile is the sign of friendship, but trying to borrow twenty-five dollars is the test.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep watchin' the bread bakin'."

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the corner-loafer said to the policeman when told to move on.

"How to get the best of mosquitoes," says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality?

The man who never courts a favor is the man who is madder than a hornet if some one else receives one.

A writer stated in a recent obituary notice "that the deceased was born in his native town, where he has ever since resided."

No matter how handsome a family monument a man may have in the cemetery, he never wants to lie on his back and look up at it.

There are many things in the world that are as deceiving as a fish-hook with a worm on it—you don't feel the point until you take a bite.

One man asked another why his hair was so white and his beard so brown. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

A paper heads a personal column, "Men and Things"—which certainly is not a very gallant or gentlemanly way of referring to the other sex.

Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down for a moments' rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies.

There was the potential promise of a thorough-going Pharisee in the pious little boy who was overheard to pray: "O Lord! please make brother Bill as good a boy as I am!"

A Georgia young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think that she had ever read Juliet.

An American says that, from his late experience of English weather, he should imagine that "Rain, Britannia!" ought to be as popular in England as "Hail Columbia!" is in the States.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich, there can be lots of fun.

A mud-turtle can neither fly, sing, gallop, laugh, cry, or go blackberrying; and yet if they are left alone they can get along just as well as the young man who tries to be funny at a lawn party.

A tramp arrived where the authorities gave him stones to break before he had his dinner. Then up spake the tramp gravely and said, "When they asked for bread ye gave them a stone!"

"You're only artificial, and I'm natural," said the knot-hole in the fence to the bung-hole in the barrel that lay up against it, "but I ain't proud." And they kissed each other and made the hole thing up.

"What's peaches?" asked a lady of a farmer at market the other morning. "Fruit," he promptly answered. But it wasn't so funny when she as promptly jammed his hat down over his ears with her umbrella.

It is alleged that Stanley the African traveler, has converted King Mtesa to Christianity, and the King has started to build himself a house on modern architectural plans, with doors and windows that will lock.

"I've a new thing—a big thing!" he said, "I'm going to get up a matrimonial agency." "The scheme is venerable," said a cold hearted bystander. "Not on my plan," was his proud reply. "All goods not satisfactory cheerfully and promptly exchanged!"

Some one has opened a cafe just opposite a cemetery in Paris. He dedicates his house "to those coming from funerals," and announces on his front sign, "Private rooms for all who desire to weep by themselves; wine and liquors of the very best."

Adversity has its usages. The man who is never sick never knows how good it is to have a troop of friends rush in, sit down beside his aching head and tell him in the most solemn manner that his doctor has lost at least three patients out of five the whole season through.

An exchange says: An American gulps down a glass of lager as if he thought his stomach on fire, and a prize depended on speedy extinguishment. A German lifts the sparkling amber to his lips, and sips as though afraid to impose too great a burden upon so good a friend as his stomach.

When a woman's eyes sparkle and her face glows from the fire within, while her tongue rolls off information about igneous rocks and stratified rocks, silurian rocks, and conglomerate rocks, of calcareous rocks and argillaceous soil, it is safe to say she was born in Boston, or at least has an uncle living in Massachusetts.

A friend and neighbor has a relative, a practical Christian, who has a forcible way of putting things. The other day the subject of death bed repentance was under discussion, when he said: "Some men think they can live any kind of life, yet save their souls by a so-called repentance a few hours before death; but I have my doubts as to how that kind of washing willdry when hung out on the heavenly clothes line."

If Your Throat Feels Sore or Uncomfortable, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It will relieve the air passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the affected parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds, or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and a brief trial will prove its efficacy.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY T. P. L.

The harvest moon, a golden round,
Comes slowly up without a sound;
More still than summer days are born,
Of silent night and tranquil morn.

O round and yellow harvest moon!
Thou risest o'er the hills too soon.
So short the summer days have been,
So brief the woods' tumultuous green.

My sickle dull and rusted lies:
No glittering fields before me rise;
I sowed with rain of lavish tears:
My harvest mocks the lingering years.

When shall I bind the heavy wheat,
Behind the reaper's footsteps fleet?
When shall my lips be filled with song:
O harvest moon! how long, how long?

Bunket's Letter.

BY P. A. H.

"THOSE whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Little more than an hour ago, the voice of the officiating bishop uttered the old solemn words; bride and bridegroom kneeling devoutly, surrounding friends with bowed heads and hearts beating with sympathy, and here they are now speeding along the Railway. At the car window on the right hand he, Grenville Bagot Paulyn sits, at the window on the left hand, she, his wife Clothilde du Berri Paulyn, is seated, reading.

For twenty minutes there has been silence between the two, and in that time Clothilde has read, without grasping the sense of one single line, as many pages.

And what is the meaning of this? What can have produced this change?

As in duty bound let us examine the lady's case first.

Poor Clothilde feels herself very much aggrieved indeed. What girl could stand this, or was ever so tried, that on her bridal morning, nay, even at the very moment when she is busking her bride's attire, the bridegroom should insist on an interview in order to moot the question as to whether or not any marriage should take place at all, and then give no reason why he asked the question!

But, in the breast pocket of his coat lies a letter which already he wishes he had never received. It is this letter which is the cause of his strange behavior. It bears the Algerian post-mark, and arrived only this morning, and being from his oldest and best friend was at first hailed with delight; but that feeling quickly changed to pain and consternation as he read the first few lines The signature of this epistle is "Hugh Bunket," and the first half, the only part with which we have to do, runs thus:

"DEAR OLD GREN:—Knowing how I hate letter-writing, you will be surprised to receive this. Wouldn't have written if I could have helped it, but am uneasy in my mind about you. Now, old fellow, don't take amiss what I'm going to say—for I can tell you it's a confounded exertion, made only for the sake of friendship, and I nearly stopped before I began, as Pat says. Truth is, Chayters, who has turned up here unexpectedly, says you are going to get married! And to—of all people in the world—Clothilde Tollemache! Now of course the fellow was never known to speak the truth, but in case by chance he has hit the mark this time I write to say, if you must marry, don't let your choice fall on Clothilde Tollemache! Her conduct at Florence about Charley Shore was detestable; the way she ran after him—and of course got talked of to no end. The girl was really badly hit, that was clear and—though I got nothing from him (you know the man)—I'd bet a hundred to one she proposed to him! Now of course there's no truth in the report, but still—don't marry Clothilde Tollemache!"

With the remainder of the letter we have nothing to do.

A pleasant epistle this for a bridegroom to have with him on his wedding tour! A most inspiriting one—especially the refrain, Don't marry—your own wife! and Clothilde tiring of her stooping position, raises herself, and, leaning back wearisomely, gazes out at the country.

Immediately Grenville seizes the opportunity; something to say has at last come into his head.

"What are you seeing out at your window, Clothilde?" he asks eagerly, rising and going over to her side of the car.

"Just the same as you were seeing at yours," is the icy reply, made with coldly averted head.

"Oh no, Clothilde, you know that that old house is not at my side too," he continues, glancing down at her with a mischievous smile, which, although she does not see it, she feels is on his lips.

For some minutes Grenville scans the country but finds no help, naught there but the sheep grazing and the wind blowing; presently he rises once more, and crossing over to where his wife is, deliberately seats himself beside her, and for fear, I suppose, of any further inclination to "bolt," places one arm firmly around her, and, gently drawing her backwards till the smooth head rests upon his shoulder, so brings the lovely piquant face with its young scarlet lips within easy distance of his own. But Clothilde's heart is sore; no explanation of his strange conduct has been offered; instead, he has left her to sit alone and unhappy, with never a caress tendered nor a loving word spoken until now! So struggling she seeks to free herself from the tardy embrace upon which he, roused, holds her only the tighter.

"Quarrel with me afterwards if you like, my darling," he passionately whispers, "but let me kiss you once just now," and, bending, presses his lips upon hers; then, catching sight of her proud, angry face, with a frown releases her, and moves a little apart.

And so they sit, these two, side by side, speaking never a word; wedded, but "strangers yet," and the train plunges gaily on through the golden sunshine to its station in the North.

A cab is found, and ere long Gren Paulyn and his wife are comfortably established in one of the best hotels.

They have just finished dinner, which before the servants has been got through creditably, though with perceptible effort on both sides.

Silently the two drink their coffee. The clinking of the cups sounds irksome and the silence becomes oppressive.

"Clothilde," Grenville finally begins, "let us talk together seriously and as friends for a few moments. I have been thinking, dear over matters, and I see no reason why we should not at least be good friends. This state of things between us is most uncomfortable and unhappy. If we have made a mistake, now that it is irretrievable do let us make the best of it. Why should we quarrel and be angry with one another? We are married, man and wife, then for God's sake let there be peace and good feeling between us! Say, Clothilde, shall it not be so?" And thus speaking, leaning towards her he tenderly clasps with his own one of the little white hands lying in her lap.

And this is the way that it is to be "all right again!" They have made a mistake, but are to be "good friends!"

Clothilde's blood rises, particularly that admixture of it which with her name has been transmitted by a French grandmother. "Made a mistake"—that means that he does not love her, perhaps loves another! The mistake is having married her, and without a word she sweeps from the room and leaves him alone.

Grenville Paulyn, what woman whose right is love would be satisfied with friendship?

And so he is left alone, amazed, dumfounded!

Up and down, up and down the room he strides, questioning himself uselessly, vainly—for no answer presents itself to his troubled mind—"What the deuce is to be done now?"

He thinks matters are now at their worst, but when ten minutes more have passed discovers his error. Hearing his wife's voice in colloquy with some one outside in the passage, and other sounds indicative of arrival or departure, with a muttered "What the deuce is this now?" he rises hastily and throws open the door—to behold with amazed unbelieving eyes a departure, yes, certainly, but one that he had not bargained for, the departure of his wife!

Yes, here she stands, in ulster clad, her bewildered maid beside her, the first of the small army of her boxes just disappearing down stairs.

"Clothilde, what on earth is the meaning of this?"

Clothilde's heart begins to quail.

"I—I don't like this hotel, it's so—so—I'm going away to another," she stammers at last.

"You dislike this hotel? Then by all means change it for another. My servant shall attend you and see you comfortably settled. I shall arrange it at once and detain you no longer now," and with a slight bow he re-enters the room and sharply rings the bell. When Mr. Paulyn's servant appears, his master, lounging in an easy chair, is carelessly reading the paper.

"Straps, Mrs. Paulyn wishes to leave this hotel; conduct her and her maid to the Union; see them safely and comfortably settled, then return here."

"Yes, sir," says Straps, and goes.

The moment the door is shut, Grenville Paulyn dashes down the paper, and with brows knitted over blue eyes, and fiercely gnawed moustache, mutters between his teeth, "Curse you, Bunket!"

* * * * *

Morning follows night; yesterday was a splendid Tuesday, to-day is a splendid Wednesday. Clothilde Paulyn, after an almost sleepless night, has risen early and unrefreshed from her couch and, tempted by the view from her windows of the gardens, in their fresh cool beauty, has thus wandered forth.

At the moment of stepping upon it she becomes aware that a gentleman is also in the act of crossing from the other side, and one surprised, frightened glance tells her it is her husband.

"We met, 'twas in a cloud!" she says, holding out one hand, with a lovely deprecating smile.

"You are out early this morning," he remarks, glancing carelessly downwards on to the railway.

"Yes, the gardens looked so lovely;" then stammeringly, and with the color flushing all her face, she continues, "I was going to climb the hill to see the view."

They have reached one of the wooden seats placed at intervals for the rest of the weary; but little view can be obtained from it; both, however, have apparently forgotten the object of their coming.

"Stay a moment, Clothilde," cries Grenville, as the former is about to throw herself exhausted on the seat; "I fear this place is a little too earthly to be comfortable; let me try to improve matters before you venture to sit down." In taking his handkerchief for this purpose from his pocket, he draws with it, by mistake, something else, which falls upon the seat and lies exposed to view. This is a photograph, one which this morning, with man's wonted love of self torture, he has taken from his desk and gazed at with jealous, angry eyes; scanning the handsome features whilst tormenting himself with the question as to the place that its original still holds in the heart of his, Grenville Paulyn's, own wife. The picture is that of an old friend of the latter, Charley Shore, the man he believes his wife to love.

Absorbed in bitter thought, he had, instead of replacing the carte in his desk, by mistake put it into his pocket, and now here it lies face upwards under Clothilde's very eyes; whilst he, losing all presence of mind, stands watching her eagerly, the red which at first flushed his face dying out, leaving him very pale.

But if he is agitated, his wife surely does not share his emotion, nor perceive it. With the easiest, most natural manner in the world, she lifts the carte to examine it more closely.

"Portrait of a gentleman! Therefore I suppose I may look at it. Oh Gren, how handsome! Who is this man with a face like the pure Sir Galahad's? I thought I had seen the photos of all your friends! Who is it?" she asks, looking straight up at him.

In her face, voice, and manner there is nothing, nothing, he feels, with his whole glad heart, but real, undoubted, questioning interest; innocence and truth shine out as plainly and unmistakably as the sun on a glorious midsummer day.

"Oh, Clothilde, I have been making some dreadful mistake!" he cries in a voice smothered partly with feeling, partly because of the very close contact into which he has brought his mouth with a soft cheek. "A dreadful mistake, but you will forgive me, my darling, won't you?—forgive me that I thought you loved this man? This man here, Charley Shore."

"Charley Shore! Is this Charley Shore?" questions she in amazement, eagerly taking the picture from his hands and scanning it with the greatest interest. "Why he is the man that my Cousin Clothilde loves," she stammers; "and she—that is, mamma was not pleased with her; she is still abroad, we have not seen her for a long time."

"And her name is the same as yours?" Paulyn asks quickly, with face and voice as of one upon whom the full light of day has been suddenly let in after groping darkness.

"Almost; she is Clothilde Marie Tollemache; I am Clothilde Du Berri Tollemache——"

"Are you?" he interrupts, looking down at her with a triumphant possessing smile "Oh, Clothilde, have you forgotten already that yesterday you married a husband?"

Seating himself, oblivious of all things earthy, upon the bench, he draws her down within his encircling arm; and the close-fitting feminine shooting jacket disappears within the masculine tweed clad arms; and the golden moustache roams softly at will over the lovely blushing face, while Grenville confesses in his wife's ear that he has been a dolt, a fool and a brute.

And so they sit, within the gates of Paradise.

New Publications.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard are about to publish Jules Verne's new book, The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China, which has just appeared in Paris. The book is intensely interesting and amusing, and many of the popular features of the day, such as phonograph, Captain Boynton in his rubber suit, Life Insurance Companies, banking speculations, advertising schemes, and various other eccentricities of the times, are woven into the narrative.

MAGAZINES.

Potter's American Monthly for October opens with an illustrated article on Japan and Her People, by M. A. Benhmet. The series of interesting articles entitled With Men and Books, by A. F. Bridges; the serial story, The New Minister, by E. P. R.; and the papers on Marriage Customs, by Guy Ainslee, are continued. Jim Lung, by Margaret Hosmer, The Spy of the Shenandoah, by Charles Wheeler Denison; The Mammoth Cave, by William L. Stone; and Decorative Taste in Ceramics, are highly interesting articles. Doctor Chas. J. Polk writes an article on Nutrition in Health and Disease. Short poems entitled Looking Seaward, My Siesta, The Wounded Heart, and The Cypress Twig, are contributed by Hiram Torrey, W. K. Vickery, Adelaide Stout, and E. L. Emster. The editorial notes and comments are, as usual, thoughtful and entertaining. John E. Porter & Co. Price $3 per year.

NEW MUSIC.

The Folio for October is as usual full of choice musical and literary selections. Among the vocal pieces which are given in full are Father's Growing Old, words and music by J. Bland; A Rose from Mother's Grave, music by C. A. White; while among the instrumental selections are Wild Fire, by Chas. D. Blake, a very fine composition, and Labitsky's famous Elfin Waltz, arranged by D. Krug. The sacred music is Come, Said Jesus, by F. H. Pratt, a pretty solo and quartette. The Folio is one of the best publications of its kind published. Price 15 cents per number. White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass., publishers.

Among the gems of H. M. S. Pinafore, published by S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East 14th street, New York, is a fine quadrille by Mayfath, introducing several of the most popular airs. Price 40 cents. Well! I Should Smile, song and dance, is published by the same house. It is well calculated to please lovers of this kind of music. Price 40 cents. Alpha Galop, composed by Harry N. Sawyer, is rather above the average of such compositions. 40 cents. The Royal Arch waltzes, by the same author, while possessing no great originality, are still very taking, and should become popular. Price 60 cents. The Thrush and the Rose, an Irish ballad, words from the Spectator, music by J. K. Higginbotham, has rather a pleasant melody and should become a favorite. The three last are also received from S. T. Gordon & Son.

Parties wishing to operate in Stocks in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers 35 Broadway, N. Y.

News Notes.

Cranberry picking in Wisconsin is now at its height.

Parisian ladies have taken to smoking American cigarettes.

St. Louis confesses to having six men lying in jail for murdering women.

De Lesseps has started a weekly paper in Paris to advocate his Panama canal.

There are fifty patent cow-milkers in existence and udder patents applied for.

The amount of called United States bonds upon which interest has ceased, is $30,808,450.

An English cricket player was lately killed by a badly-aimed ball striking him in the temple.

The United States exported 50,039,280 gallons of petroleum in July, valued at $4,288,481.

A hundred thousand dollars' worth of hazelnuts are shipped yearly from Turkey to England.

Twelve years ago Texas shipped only 75,000 bales of cotton. Last year she shipped 1,000,000 bales.

The Presbyterian ministers of Chicago are discussing whether the Roman Catholics constitute a branch of the true church.

John Bright has said: "I never undertook to do anything for my race but that the demon 'drink' rose up to prevent me!"

Henry Clay was baptized at the age of seventy, with his daughter-in-law and four grandchildren, and publicly confirmed later.

A thousand pounds of powder was exploded in a quarry near Reading, Pa., loosening about thirty thousand tons of stone at one blast.

The Duke of Edinburgh is to add to his sinecure offices that of Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves, with a salary of $5,000.

There is a probability of Europe and Africa being connected by land, a project for a tunnel beneath the straits of Gibraltar being discussed.

Sir Rowland Hill's complete collection of postage stamps was valued at five thousand dollars, but it is unique, and could not be duplicated for money.

The Duke of Norfolk, the richest and most influential Roman Catholic peer of England, is building a church on his Sheffield estate which will cost $60,000.

In the Frith of Forth, where shoals of herring are rarely to be seen, steamers have literally of late had to plough their way through myriads of closely-packed fish.

The Empress Eugenie is still in the same state of depression. She receives nobody, and dines alone in her own apartment. She only leaves her room to go into that of her son.

The bad weather in England is accounted for by a lately mooted theory that the British Islands are so situated as to be the battle-ground for the polar and equatorial currents.

In ascending Mount Washington by the bridle-path two men lost their way. They reached the summit next morning, badly used up. The ice on their hats was half an inch thick.

A London firm was recently summoned before a magistrate, and dismissed with a rebuke, for labeling honey and other harmless articles "dynamite," in order to secure careful handling.

Don't physic, for it weakens and destroys, but use Hop Bitters, that builds up, up!

A glass manufactory in Hanover, Germany, makes glass which is a close imitation of marble, and tables and floor-tiles which are pronounced preferable to marble on account of their extreme hardness.

The old church in Broad street, London, wherein John Milton was baptised in 1608, was torn down last year, and on the buildings erected on the site is placed an inscription and a sculptured head of the poet.

Checked in Their Advance

By the speedy action of Hostetter's Bitters, dyspepsia, nervous indisposition, constipation and bilious complaints cease to harass the invalid. That they will instantly give ground is not pretended, but no medical fact is more certain, or avouched by more competent testimony than that these maladies, and others to which it is adapted, entirely succumb to the influence of the medicine, if it be given a fair trial. Their total, if not instant rout, is certain to ensue. Losses of strength are repaired, and failure of appetite and nerve quietude are remedied by the Bitters; and as the stomach grows stronger and assimilation is aided by its action, a gain of flesh will follow. Ladies in delicate health, aged persons and convalescents, derive bodily and mental solace from its use, and experience none of the repugnance which ordinary tonics frequently inspire. The emphatic recommendation of physicians confirms the verdict in its favor.

The Hanlan-Courtney Race.

On Friday, the 10th of October, a great aquatic contest will take place at Lake Chatauqua, the greatest oarsmen living, Hanlan and Courtney, contesting for a purse of $5,000, to be known as the "HOP BITTERS PRIZE," which is given by the Hop Bitters company, of Rochester, New York, a company that has displayed a wonderful liberality in encouraging athletic sports of the best class. The race will not be a hippodrome, but a contest wholly upon the merits of the two, and will create more enthusiasm than any race that has ever been pulled in this country, and extraordinary time may be expected. The event will attract men interested in athletic sports to the lake from every section of the country, and arouse a degree of enthusiasm that has probably never been equalled. It it gratifying to lovers of athletics to see a firm like the Hop Bitters company evince such an interest in sporting matters, and when this class of people encourage sportsmen as they have by running a base ball club, and now by inaugurating this race, it is certain that the standard will be raised and sporting matters taken out of the control of the gamblers, who aim to govern all contests of this class. The man who help to elevate our sports, and give real pleasure to thousands, are in turn deserving of the support of the public, particularly when they present to it an article of real merit such as are the celebrated Hop Bitters manfactured by the company alluded to.

Mayor Beatty's Pianos and Organs.

Your attention is called to the mammoth new advertisement of Hon Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, in this week's paper. Mayor Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship, and complete satisfaction have brought this house prominently forward until to-day he stands the only man in his trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price, but all freight paid. No fairer offer can be made or even suggested. His sales now amount annually to several millions of dollars, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only a poor plough-boy, it must be evident to every reader, that Mayor Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation. A saving of 5 per cent. can be made when two instruments are ordered at the same time therefore talk over among your friends and neighbors these unparalleled offers on the celebrated Beatty Pianos and Organs, and try to secure for yourselves this special discount.

Dr. Case's "Carbolate of Tar."

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Dr. M. W. Case, 935 Arch street, Philadelphia, in this issue of the POST. There are no forms of disease more prevalent or dangerous than catarrhal affections—whether of the head, throat or lungs—but happily in Carbolate of Tar a remedy has been discovered whose efficacy has been attested by the most wonderful cures. Dr. Case in his many years practice in Florida has had a special experience in the treatment of this class of ailments, and his Carbolate of Tar has cured where all other medicines failed. It is now extensively used throughout the United States, and all are unanimous in its commendation. One trial is generally sufficient to prove its utility, and a few days only show its beneficial effects. The medicine is nicely prepared, pleasant to take and offered at the lowest possible price. To those afflicted we can cordially recommend the Carbolate of Tar as in all respects to be counted among the very best specifics, known to the medical profession. From a personal knowledge of the gentleman he can be relied on.

Get the Genuine Article.—The Great popularity of "Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," has induced some unprincipled persons to attempt to palm off a simple article of their own manufacture, but any person who is suffering from Coughs, Colds, or Consumption, should be careful where they purchase this article It requires no puffing. The results of its use are its best recommendations; and the proprietor has ample evidence on file of its extraordinary success in pulmonary complaints. The Phosphate of Lime possesses a most marvellous healing power, as combined with the pure Cod-Liver Oil by Dr. Wilbor. It is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

$1000 is the reward offered in this issue for any machine or device that will wash cleaner, quicker, or with less labor and wear and tear of clothes than the Robbins Family Washer and Bleacher. The The Rissell Mfg. Co., 30 Barclay St., New York, are the sole manufacturers and offer the reward named. From the evidence offered in this advt., we feel safe in assuring our readers that their Washer is all they claim for it. The Company is well known and highly recommended by the publishers of leading N. Y. papers, such as the Christian Advocate, The Methodist &c. Read their advt.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

For Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, or Eczema, add half pint hot water to one gill of "SAPANULE" and bathe freely.

Physicians of all Schools use and recommend Hop Bitters; take their advice.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH

Health or Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair, and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat, and Glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system. PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMIC AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Strains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

THE POULTRY WORLD.

(MONTHLY)

And AMERICAN POULTRY YARD,

(WEEKLY.)

Both Publications are exclusively devoted to Poultry.

"THE POULTRY WORLD" is sent post-paid for 1.25 per year; the "AMERICAN POULTRY YARD" for $1.50. Both papers for $2.00.

Samples mailed free on application.

A series of magnificent Chromos, each representing a standard breed of fowls, sent for 75 cents extra, to all subscribers of either publication.

Address H. H. STODDARD & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

now used in

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET

and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.

The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is *Warranted* not to break over the hips.

Price, - - $1.25.

For Sale by leading Merchants.

WARNER BRO'S,

351 Broadway, New York.

ADORN YOUR PORCHES AND LAWNS WITH THE "CINNAMON VINE" (Chinese Yam.) During October and November, I will mail by mail to all the readers of this paper, who may desire them, 2 fine tubers, 4 to 6 inches long, on receipt of your address (plainly written,) accompanied with 10 cents, to defray expense of postage and packing.

Address POST MASTER, West Macedon, N. Y.

FITS STOPPED FREE. MARVELOUS SUCCESS DR. KLINE'S FIT CURE. No Fits after first day's use. $1. Trial bottle Free. Send name, P. O. and Express address, to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

New Styles, 32 Stops, 2 set Golden Tongue Reeds, Mirror, 5 Knee Swells, Walnut Case, warrant 6 years, Stool & Book $90. New Pianos, $143 to $250. 27 Newspaper Free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

50 Chromo, Snowflake, Oriental, Lily, etc., cards, with name, 10c. post-paid. Royal Card Co., Northford, Conn.

60 Perfumed Chromo &c. cards, name on, 10c. 42 Silver Gems & fine pocket knife, 10c. Autograph Album 50c. Game Authors, 10c. 25 Fun cards 10c. Climax Bros., Clinton ville, Ct.

Beatty's Offer for Thirty Days.

Only $98.00 with STOOL and Instruction Book.

This Beautiful Piano Upright Cabinet or Parlor Organ, (like cut) **New Style A. or No. 9400.** Dimensions—Height 73 inches, Depth 24 inches, Length 52 inches. Three (3) Sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, (1.) Violina, (2.) Echo, (3.) Viola, (4.) Diapason, (5.) Melodia Forte, (6.) VOX CELESTE, (7.) HAND ORGAN, (8.) Celestina, (9.) Flute Forte, (10) Melodia, (11.) Flute, (12.) Dulcet, (13.) VOX HUMANA or TREMOLO. Five Octaves. Upright Bellows with immense power. Lamp Stands attached. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's New Excelsior grand Organ Knee Swell. Magnificent highly finished Black Walnut Case and Elegant French Veneered Panels latest design, extension top with beautiful music receptacle All late Improvements. Weight when boxed about 325 lbs. This **Organ contains Beatty's New Vox Celeste Stop which is by far the sweetest and most perfect that has ever been attained.** Charming! is the universal exclamation of critics and lovers of sweet music who have heard this combination. The sudden burst of harmony thrown out by the Beatty Grand Organ Excelsior Knee Swell, from the scale being performed by a professional is indescribable. All things considered, this instrument is the finest Cabinet Organ in America. I challenge its equal. Beware of imitation. Buy only the genuine Beatty.

Regular Retail Price asked for such an Instrument by the Monopolists Agents about $275.00.

I will sell this Beautiful Organ during the next 30 days in order to have it introduced, with a

Plain $3 Adjustible Stool

and INSTRUCTION BOOK thrown in, (which will be shipped with the instrument) for only,

$98.00!

It can be shipped at an hour's notice. Please send your order by letter or telegraph. No money required until you are entirely satisfied. Pay for the instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home, if it is not as represented, return it at my expense, I paying freight both ways. This certainly is a fair offer. Remember this offer is not good after the 30 days are up and that I positively will not deviate from this price.

Fully warranted for 6 Years!

I want this instrument more generally introduced, hence this unparalled offer. It is about the actual cost of manufacturing. ORDER AT ONCE, as every Organ when introduced in a new locality sells others. My instruments are first-class and just as represented. **It is a Standing Advertisement.** Hence I can give you this **splendid bargain,** by selling you the first one at about cost. You will now will forever read this offer. At this writing one order for seventy-two thousand, eight hundred and thirteen of **Beatty's Celebrated Pianos and Organs** is in actual use throughout the civilized world, and I challenge any one to show one that does not give perfect satisfaction. Sales now very large, constantly increasing at a rapid rate. The most successful house in America. More **unsolicited testimonials** than any manufacturer. Send for list of names of persons who are using my instruments every where, some may be in your neighborhood, whom you may know. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. **The Sun shines nowhere but it lights my instruments.** Since my return from an extended tour through the Continent of **Europe,** I am more determined than ever, that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated instruments. Beware of imitations! My great success has brought into existence hundreds of irresponsible imitators. Beware! Buy the best, but avoid the monopolists and irresponsible houses. ☞ This is the only Establishment in the world that uses the **Celebrated Golden Tongue Reeds!** The greatest invention of the 19th century. Having been **Elected Mayor** of my city by an overwhelming majority is sufficient proof of my popularity at home. **This Advertisement will appear but once,** and nothing can be saved on this instrument by correspondence. **Order now!** If you do not write one yourself, order one and make your friend a handsome present. ☞ This is the greatest offer yet made. Illustrated Newspaper with much information about cost of Pianos and Organs, sent free. **Show this splendid Offer to your Neighbors.** ☞

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

Asthma, Hay Fever.

CATARRH &c., permanently relieved and effectually cured by the use of "The Scottish Thistle Medicinal Fumers." Having cured myself of a case of asthma of 15 years standing, I can guarantee the results from the use of my remedy. A child can use these Fumers, as they do not have to be smoked. You need not suffer one hour after using my remedy. Home testimonials furnished upon application. Box of Fumers and directions for use sent upon receipt of $1.00. One box will cure the worst case. Address James F. Morrison, Bellaire, O. Agents Wanted.

CURE BY ABSORPTION!

"SAPANULE"

The Great External Remedy!

For Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, Bites of Insects, relieves and cures Poison, and all skin diseases. Used in baths is a cure preventive of fevers and contagious diseases.

Sold by all Druggists.

50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Prop'rs. Office, 237 B'way LAZELL, MARSH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents, New York.

MANY BATHS IN ONE
Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral
Centennial Award Medal and Diploma, against the world. Prize Reduced
Old Rocks Reserved.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PATENTS

DESIGNS, TRADE MARKS, LABELS, CAVEATS, and advice how to secure them promptly, and at lowest cost, given by S. H. WALES & SON, Editors of the "SCIENTIFIC NEWS," No. 10 Spruce St., New York, who have had twenty-four years experience in the business.

"Scientific News," just the paper for Mechanics, Inventors and readers of Popular Science ONLY $1 A YEAR. Sample copies and pamphlet to Inventors sent free.

New Mexico.

Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

J. WISE NORTON, P. O. Box 1579. Philadelphia, Pa.

Pierce's Union Business College,

20 SOUTH TENTH ST., PHILA., PA.

Increased facilities this year for imparting a thorough Business Education, with a wider range of studies than ever before. An Academical Department, furnishing an opportunity to obtain a substantial English education.

THOMAS MAY PIERCE, M. A., Principal.
REV. JOHN THOMPSON, Business Manager.

Circulars and catalogues free to those who call or write for them.

JAMES H. BUNN,

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1 000 testimonials. State your case and address

DR F. E. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

$5 Day to Agents selling for us **$2 Sample Free** Address "Agency, 171 Hudson Street," New York.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, motto, marble cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. Card Mills Northford Ct.

20 New Styles Chromo Cards 10c., or 25 new styles mixed 10c. postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

$1000, REWARD

For any Washing Machine that will Wash Cleaner, Quicker, with Less Labor and Wear and Tear of Clothes than the

ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER,

The Only Perfect Self-Operating Washer in the World.

No rubbing required. No more yellow clothes nor hard work on washing day. No more rubbing clothes full of holes. No more lame backs for farmers' wives washing harvest shirts. Seeing is believing, and if you will try it once you will never again wash without it, nor use any other washing machine.

IT IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD, and will wash anything from a lace curtain to a horse blanket, and cannot get out of order.

Good Agents Wanted, both Male and Female, to whom Liberal Inducements are Offered.

AGENTS CAN MAKE FROM $10 TO $100 PER WEEK.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

Publisher of Farmers' Review, Chicago Ill., received a sample, and after giving it a trial, sends for $24 worth for his friends and neighbors.

J. S. Crowell, manager of Springfield, Ohio Farm and Fireside, received a sample, and says: "After giving it a fair trial at my house, the results are that my folks are very much pleased with it, and say it does all that is claimed for it."

The publishers of Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y., say: "After a thorough trial of the Robbins Washer and Bleacher, we find it certainly all you claim for it, and this fact is something wonderful when taken in comparison with the impossible things other manufacturers advertise for their machines. It is certainly refreshing to find one firm who do not overestimate their goods."

The publishers of N. Y. Christian Advocate, after receiving sample Washer, say: "It requires to be honestly tried a few times only to convince the housekeeper that she has found a friend and economizer of labor in the Washer. We have confidence in commending it to the attention of our lady readers."

The N. Y. Witness says: "Several of our staff have the machines in use, and are well satisfied with them."

N. Y. Weekly Sun says: "The Robbins Washer and Bleacher is as represented."

The Toledo Blade says: "We believe it to be one of the greatest inventions of the age."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The company could not well say less of that truly wonderful article which is destined at no distant day to work a complete revolution in the method of accomplishing the family washing. We speak from our own knowledge as well as from the testimony of thousands who have already availed themselves of its services."

E. B. Mack, N. Y. office of the Cincinnati Gazette, says: "I have one in use in my house, and it does admirable work."

C. C. Corbett, M. D., New Hope, Ky.—"After trying sample," has had $100 worth.

Robert Eagle, Mosherville, Mich.—"After using one for six months, sends orders for $100 worth.

E. Hildom, Cuba, N. Y.—After "thoroughly testing it," sends orders for $24, $24, $50, $50 worth in succession.

C. H. Mather, Burlington, N. Y.—After purchasing sample and "convincing the skeptical ones," orders $24 $75, $50, $50, $24, $65, $24, worth in rapid succession.

L. H. Miller, Mount Kisco, N. Y.—After "thoroughly convincing himself that the Washer is all we claim for it," orders $24, $100 worth.

A. C. Sabin, Glenwood, Iowa—After "proving the Washer," sends for $130 worth.

E. Wing, Ansonia, Conn.—"Encloses $24, $24, $24, $24, $24 successively, but says "he has not had time to give it particular attention."

WE COULD FILL THE COLUMNS OF THIS PAPER WITH SUCH EVIDENCE. WILL PEOPLE BUY A HUMBUG THE SECOND TIME?

The above is no boastful, blatant offer, made only for the sake of selling our Washer, but, on the contrary, we mean exactly what we say, and will really give $1,000 for any washing machine that can be proven better than ours before a competent committee. Any reader who doubts our ability to do all we agree, can easily be convinced by referring to the Mercantile National Bank, of this city, to any express company in New York, or to the publisher of this paper.

SAMPLE PREPAID TO YOUR NEAREST RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICE in any part of the United States east of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers for $3.50. West of that line as follows: In Dakota, at Bismarck or Yankton, for $3.50; in Wyoming, at Cheyenne, for $3.50; in Idaho, at Franklin City, for $4.50; in Colorado, at Denver or Pueblo, for $4; in New Mexico, at Santa Fe, for $5; in Arizona, at Prescott, for $4.50; in Utah, at Ogden, for $4; in Nevada, at Virginia City, for $5; in Louisiana, at New Orleans, for $3.50; in Arkansas, at Little Rock, for $3.50; in Texas, at Corsicana, for $4.50; at Texarcana, Denison, or Sherman, for $3.50. For the Pacific Coast we will deliver No. 1 at San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, or San Jose, for $4. Our reason for so doing is to induce people to investigate this matter, feeling assured that a trial will secure an Agent for us.

Send for a sample and secure A BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY YOU WELL.

No article in the world has so much MONEY IN IT FOR AGENTS as this Washer.

Don't "dilly dally," but get one at once and satisfy yourselves of its merits.

Territory is being taken up "like hot cakes."

Address

BISSELL MFG CO 50 Barclay St, N.Y.

☞Be sure to always mention this paper when you write.

$5. FOR $5 I WILL FORWARD YOU, NEATLY PACKED,

Five (5) pounds of our celebrated 50c. OOLONG TEA (air-tight can)	$2.25
Three (3) pounds ROASTED OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEE (35 cents)	1.00
Four (4) pounds ROASTED CARACAS LAGUAYRA COFFEE (25 cents)	1.00
One (1) pound FINE IMPERIAL JAPAN or ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA	.75
	$5.00

GOODS WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION

☞Please write the Name, Post Office, and Shipping point PLAINLY.☜

JOHN W. STEEN,

TEAS, COFFEES, AND SPICES,

1209 *MARKET STREET, Philadelphia.*

EVERY LADY IN THE LAND SHOULD USE

THE COMMON-SENSE

Hair Crimper, Curler,

AND FRIZZER,

It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mutilating your fair head or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIR CRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.

One dozen sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price 25 Cents, in currency or postage stamps.

J. D. MILNOR & CO.,

Lock Box 8, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞AGENTS WANTED

"A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

Dr. T. Felix Gourand's

ORIENTAL CREAM,

Or Magical Beautifier,

removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless that we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of a similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gourand's Cream' as the least harmful of all skin preparations." Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Mme. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Proprietor.
48 Bond Street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

CATARRH

Office Of

DR. M. W. CASE,

933 ARCH ST, - Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH IS A TERRIBLE DISEASE. Its fearful effects—corruption running down the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, and finally consumption. From first to last it is ever aggressive. Ordinary treatments are worse than useless. If neglected while a cure is possible, it may rapidly develop into quick consumption. The most thorough, successful and pleasant treatment is

Dr. M. W. CASE'S

CARBOLATE OF TAR INHALANT

FOR CATARRH,
ASTHMA,
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS
AND DEAFNESS.

CIRCULARS, ETC., SENT FREE.

It does not require *ten minutes* to demonstrate the value of *Carbolate of Tar, the most healing remedial agent known to science.* Balsams and Cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar, that the mere breathing converts them into a dense smoke or vapor. This is *inhaled*—Taken right to the diseased parts. *No heat, no hot water,* simply *inhaling* or *breathing* it, and you feel its healing power at once. This treatment is endorsed by physicians everywhere, and highly commended by thousands, who have used it with perfect satisfaction. *FULL TREATMENT* sent. *Satisfaction always guaranteed. Consultation, Trial and Advice Free.*

Address, **Dr. M. W. CASE, 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

KIND WORDS FROM MY PATRONS.

Holton, Ripley Co., Ind.

DEAR DOCTOR—Your methods of treating Catarrh and Consumption are certainly very effectual. In hemorrhages of the lungs I have never found a remedy that equals your **Carbolate of Tar Inhalant.** So called "hopeless cases" need not despair. Your Success is well-earned. Long may you live to enjoy it!

C. H. Case, M. D.

Grand National Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida.

DR. M. W. CASE—Your treatment has completely **Restored** my **Hearing,** of which, as I told you, I have been deprived of for the last twelve years. I thank God, and I thank you for what your remedies have done for me, for no one can imagine the distress I felt when I could not hear what persons were saying to me. Your faithful friend,

JAMES FORD WILSON.

Office Printup Brother & Pollard—Union Point, Ga.

DR. M. W. CASE—Your Remedies received in due time, and myself and family are greatly benefitted by their use. Our Bishop, George F. Pierce, of Sparta, Georgia, is very much afflicted with his Throat and Lungs, and I took the privilege to recommend your Inhalants to him. I shall do all I can to increase your sales, for your Remedies seem to help at once.

P. W. PRINTUP.

AVOID BASE IMITATORS!

Germantown, Pa.

DR. M. W. CASE—Dear Sir: I was nearly dead with Catarrh and Asthma, and hardly able to get to your office to examine your methods of treatment. After using your medicine two months I am completely cured of Catarrh and Asthma; weigh 31 pounds more than I did two months ago. My sister is now using the same treatment with great benefit.

WILLIAM PENN WALTER.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., June 27, 1879.

DR. M. W. CASE—Dear Sir: Your Inhalants have cured me entirely after three months use, and I will commend them to those who are looking for a cure for Catarrh. You can use my name if you ever want to.

Yours, in Honor,
E. BALDWIN.

Christiansburg, Shelby Co., Ky.

DR. M. W. CASE—Dear Sir: Remedies received, and I am pleased to say they are all you represented them to be, and have already greatly benefitted me.

Yours, etc.,
S. J. BRYANT.

Oak Ridge, N. J.

DR. M. W. CASE—Dear Sir: It is now six weeks since I commenced the use of your Carbolate of Tar Inhalants, and they have acted like a charm in all my Bronchial troubles. I have not suffered from sore throat nor loss of voice since using them.

S. R. THOMPSON,
Pastor Presbyterian Church.

Amboy, Ills.

I am happy to say that I find your remedy an excellent one. I believe it to be just the thing required for the intended effect. For years there was not a day but I had to throw up large quantities of mucous stuff. This expectoration is greatly lessened. Catarrh trouble greatly relieved.

F. A. KEENAN.

We place the advertisement of DR. M. W. CASE on this page, and call to it the special attention of every reader who may be afflicted with either Catarrh or Consumption, or who may have friends who suffer with these terrible diseases. In giving his advertisement this prominent position, we do not do so to benefit Dr. Case, for he does not need it. His office practice alone is sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious. We desire that all who need his treatment may know of it. His charges are moderate, and his treatment a most valuable and successful one. Any one may write to him for terms, or order his treatment with perfect confidence.—*Philadelphia Magazine.*

Mercer, Penna.

Your Inhalants have effected great relief in my case—so much so that I have not felt so well before in six years.

I remain, sincerely yours,
REV. P. BRADY.

Savannah, Georgia.

DR. M. W. CASE—I have used your Inhalant, Carbolate of Tar, and find it has entirely cured me of a bad cough, and also the disagreeable spitting of phlegm, which has troubled me during the past two years, and which has robbed me of many nights rest. I gladly recommend it to all those afflicted with the disease.

M. FREDERICK.

River Head, N. Y.

DR. M. W. CASE—I have had your Carbolate of Tar Inhalant a week and one day, and feel much better. I have not taken anything since I have been sick that gave me so much relief. I have great faith to believe that I will be entirely cured. MARTHA J. ROGNER.

Emerson, Iowa, July 25th, 1879.

DR. M. W. CASE—The delay in acknowledging the receipt of your Remedies enables me to say that I find them all you advertise them. My head is much better, and I sleep better than I have for months.

MRS. B. F. LANKTON.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

Received the Highest Medal at the recent

PARIS EXPOSITION,

over all American competitors. Their

FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 bones) fits with perfect ease, and is Warranted not to break down over the hips. Price by mail, $1.25.

THE HEALTH CORSET

is now made with the Tampico front, which lasts and fits like and contains no bones. Price by mail, $1.00. Sateen Corsets, $1.15.

For Sale by leading Merchants

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

Gold Watches Given Away.

$200,000 worth of solid Gold and Silver Watches, Silverware, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, French, Musical, Alarm Clocks, and Jewelry, besides an immense amount of other valuable goods, just for doing us a little favor, which every man, woman, boy or girl can easily do. No money required. All the elegant and costly articles to be given away are fully described and illustrated by engravings, in a book entitled "THE GOLDEN PRIZE," which we will send gratis, and free of postage, to any one in the United States and Canada. Address F. Gleason & Co., 6 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

DON'T FAIL

to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS, &c., published.

LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.

NATIONAL TYPE CO., 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

GOODS MAILED

To every State and Territory just as ordered, and even then, if not as expected, exchanged or the money refunded.

For samples or prices specify on postal card what is desired, and address,

Mail Department for Samples and Supplies,
Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

JOHN WANAMAKER

PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN